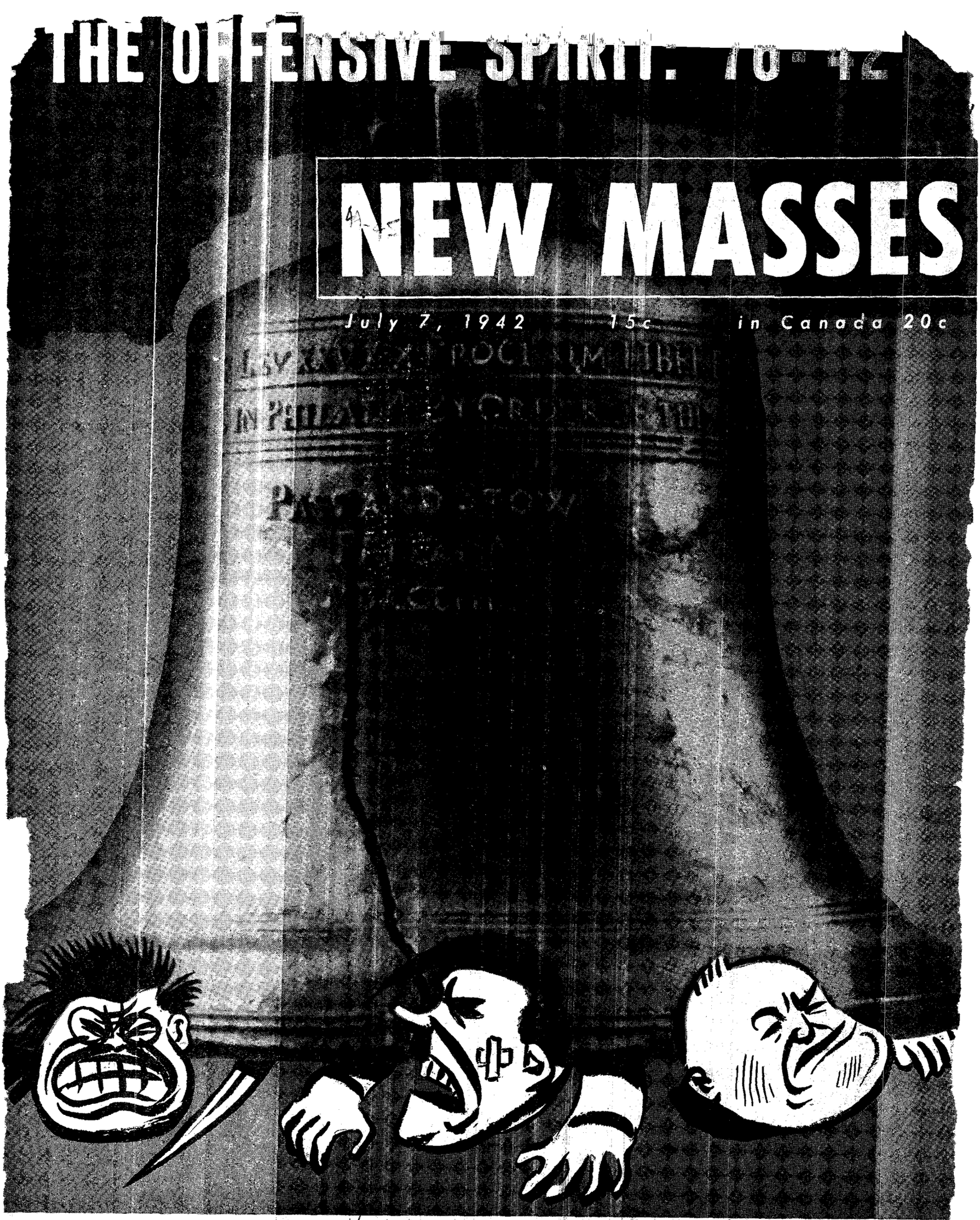
THE OFFENSIVE SPIRIT: TO '42

NEW MASSES

July 7, 1942 15c in Canada 20c



In This Issue: Lin Yutang, Genevieve Tabouis, Frederick V. Field, Pierre Cot, Howard Fast, Vladimir Pozner, Claude Cockburn, Lawrence Keenan, Earl Robinson, Elie Siegmeister.

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Dear Reader:

This is much more than a thank-you note. It is a heart-felt letter of gratitude for your aid in steering NEW MASSES through the financial shoals so far this year. True, the magazine is not in clear waters yet, but we are certain you will see that it gets there.

As you know, we began this drive for $40,000 because that was the absolute minimum required to meet the year's deficit. To date you have sent us $26,320. We must have $13,680 before the magazine is safe. But we are closing the drive in these pages for reasons we explained two weeks ago. We said then that we would try to raise the balance outside the magazine itself, through seeing individual friends, through parties, through affairs arranged for NM. That we shall do—with your help.

Always it is "with your help." You have made this magazine possible, you are responsible for whatever achievements it has to its credit. We were able to get the magazine through the year this far "with your help." And we are sure that you will not let down in the coming weeks and months.

We close with this word: those of you who haven't yet contributed to the magazine, will you do so by return mail? Let there be no misunderstanding: without that additional $13,680 NEW MASSES cannot survive. It will be hard plugging this summer, and there will be dangers, plenty of them. But if you help—as you have in the past—we will make it.

THE EDITORS.

(Please turn to page 31)

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NEW MASSES
VOLUME XLIV JULY 7 NUMBER 1

Long, too long, America,
Traveling roads all even and peaceful you learn'd from joys and prosperity only,
But now, ah now, to learn from crises of anguish, advancing, grappling with direst fate and recoiling not,
And now to conceive and show to the world what your children en-masse really are. . . .

Walt Whitman.

THE OFFENSIVE SPIRIT: '76-'42

An Editorial

One hundred and sixty-six years after the first Fourth of July America is at war again. Once more we are fighting for our national life, but under far different conditions. The invader is not physically on our soil—thanks to the resistance of our allies—yet the tramp of his blood-drenched boots is loud in our lives, heralding a slavery, if we lose this war, more terrible than any our forefathers conceived of. But no more than the patriots of '76 can we submit; no more than they can we fail to make danger our opportunity and strike out for victory and freedom.

What does it mean to be an American in this year of crisis? It is to know with a large, unwavering clarity that everything we have, everything we love is in mortal danger. It is to act on that knowledge, to act with a strength, a courage, a decisiveness worthy of those who hold in their cities and fields and in their hearts the mighty heritage of the heroic men and women who challenged the greatest power in Europe in order to build a free nation here in the new world.

To be an American in 1942 means to be tough. Tough as George Washington was tough when, after being driven out of New York, through New Jersey and into Pennsylvania, he crossed the Delaware that cold Christmas night, took the enemy unaware, and scored his brilliant victories at Trenton and Princeton. Tough as Thomas Jefferson was tough when he wrote the iron words of the Declaration of Independence, sounding the call to arms against tyranny. Tough as Benjamin Franklin was tough when he pitted his wits against those of the wiliest diplomats of Europe and stood fast in the darkest days of the war to win the French alliance. Tough as Francis Marion was tough when he waged guerrilla warfare in the forests and swamps of South Carolina. Tough as John Paul Jones was tough when he replied to a demand for surrender with: "I have only just begun to fight."

To be an American in 1942 means to work for national unity within our land and for international unity among the countries fighting Hitlerism. In our War of Independence conservatives like John Dickinson and Alexander Hamilton joined hands with radicals like Thomas Jefferson and Sam Adams. They knew—as we must know today—how they would hang if they failed to hang together. And they also knew how to deal with the enemy within—they confiscated the estates of Tories, put many of them into jail and drove 100,000 into exile.

And the founding fathers were internationalists. "The independence of America," wrote Tom Paine in *Rights of Man*, "considered merely as a separation from England, would have been a matter of but little importance had it not been accompanied by a revolution in the principles and practice of government. She made a stand, not for herself only, but for the world, and looked beyond the advantages which *she* could receive."

Today, as in 1776, to be an American means to be a citizen not only of a free nation, but of a free world, with all that this implies. We fight for our own future and the world's. Freedom has become indivisible, and our fate is inseparable from the fate of all other peoples threatened by fascism. And so this Fourth of July we are proud to march side by side with our brothers of Britain, Russia, China, and the other United Nations—in war and in peace. May we not fail them as they will not fail us.

Hard after the anniversary of our independence comes the fifth anniversary of China's fight for freedom. To be an American in the truest sense we must right the wrong we have done our great Chinese ally. Words of sympathy and good wishes are no substitute for planes and tanks and guns. Our own self-interest demands that while we concentrate our major energies on opening a western front in Europe within the next weeks, we send to China, and find the means of transporting to that beleaguered land, the weapons of war that its gallant fighting men will use so well against the common enemy.

Today America is an international battleflag, flying high over the earth's ramparts, symbol of hope to millions. Let us rise to the stature of our past. On land and sea and in the air let us strike hard together with our allies, so that long before the next Fourth of July fascism in Europe and Asia will have met its doom.

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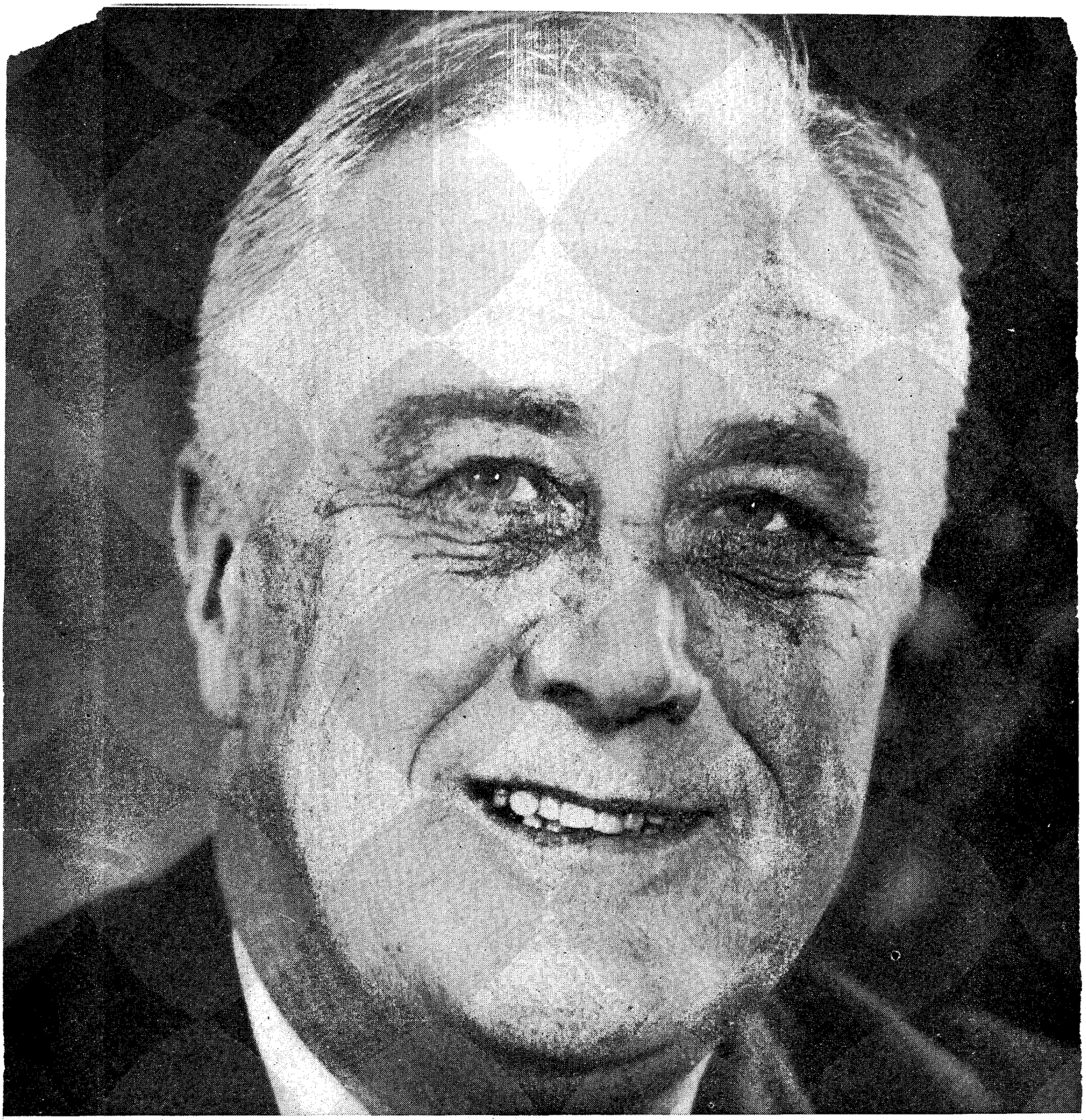

IN THE future days which we seek to make secure, we look forward to a world founded upon four essential human freedoms.

The first is freedom of speech and expression—everywhere in the world.

The second is freedom of every person to worship God in his own way—everywhere in the world.

The third is freedom from want, which, translated into world terms, means economic understandings which will secure to every nation a healthy peacetime life for its inhabitants —everywhere in the world.

The fourth is freedom from fear, which, translated into world terms, means a world-wide reduction of armaments to such a point and in such a thorough fashion that no nation will be in a position to commit an act of physical aggression against any neighbor—anywhere in the world.—*Franklin D. Roosevelt, message at opening of Congress, Jan. 6, 1941.*

WE MUST guard against divisions among ourselves and among all the other United Nations. We must be particularly vigilant against racial discrimination in any of its ugly forms. Hitler will try again to breed mistrust and suspicion between one individual and another, one group and another, one race and another, one government and another. He will try to use the same technique of falsehood and rumormongering with which he divided France from Britain. He is trying to do this even now; but he will find a unity, a unity of will and purpose against him which will persevere until the destruction of all his black designs upon the freedom and people of the world.—*Message to Congress, Jan. 5, 1942.*

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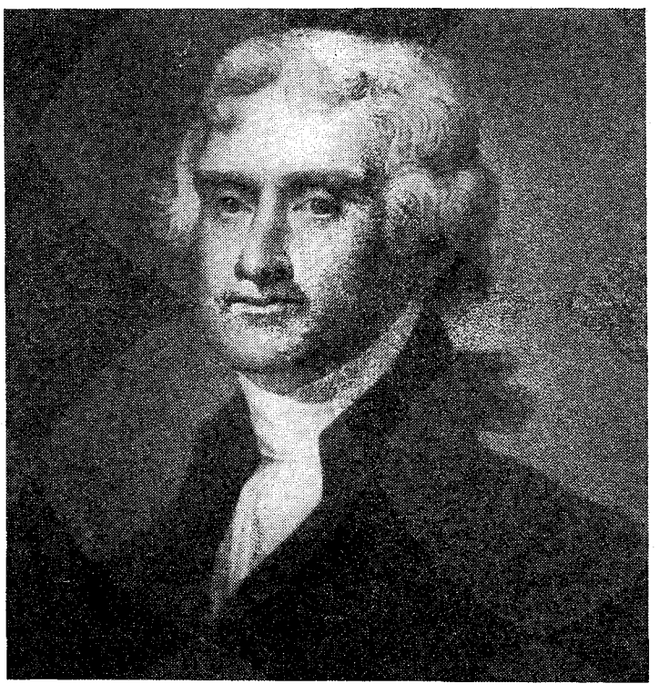
OUR ALLIES THEN

Kosciusko, von Steuben, Lafayette were the representatives of other peoples who aided the founders of our Republic. How our own Revolution helped inspire France. Our international solidarity today carries on the tradition of the War of Independence.

"SUCH," says H. G. Wells in his *Outline of History* after a page listing the diverse nationalities which went to make up colonial America, "were the miscellaneous origins of the citizens of the Thirteen Colonies. The possibility of their ever becoming closely united would have struck an impartial observer in 1860 as being very slight." Yet we know that by 1776 the Americans were united in declaring that "all men are created equal," addressing their message "to a candid world" out of "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind." Jefferson's terse language goes far to remind us that our War of Independence was a great landmark in the world-wide people's revolution whose history was so sharply etched in Henry Wallace's recent classic address. Our struggle cut across national lines, not only at home but throughout the world. Its allies, and of course, its enemies, were everywhere. It was not merely a war between something called America and something called England; its implications and its influence were truly global.

The colonists themselves, of course, were a veritable league of nations, already a typically American melting pot of countless nationalities, languages, and religions. Indeed, the Americans of that day, the Americans who made our Revolution, constituted proportionately far less of an English-speaking society than do the Americans of today. This alone would have saved them from any narrow conception of their role in world politics. But in addition, they had a sophisticated understanding of kings and peoples in an age of contradictory international cross-currents. They knew that success required involvement in these cross-currents, and they "looked upon such involvement as a matter of course, an ineluctable turn of fate." *They were certainly not deterred by speculations about possible future differences between themselves and their allies over blueprints for a postwar planned world.* For as it turned out, the Revolution itself—i.e., the war itself—did some unexpected planning, bringing revolutionary forces to a head in more than one of the non-revolutionary allies of America. The forces of freedom, unleashed in the United States, swept through the Old World and through Latin America.



Thomas Jefferson was the outstanding representative of the international spirit of our War of Independence. In the years after the war he sought to align this country with revolutionary France and with the liberating forces in every country. Supported by a majority of the people, this became a major point of dispute between him and Hamilton. Jefferson's election to the Presidency in 1800 marked the triumph of his principles.

AS EARLY as November 1775, when independence was still a shocking idea whispered about in radical circles, Congress had instituted the American Committee for Secret Correspondence "for the purpose of corresponding with friends in Great Britain, Ireland, and other parts of the world." And when conflict broke out into the open, Thomas Paine, who had just arrived from England, symbolized the support given us by many other British friends in the deathless pamphlets which he signed as "an Englishman" and which guided the revolutionary leaders through difficult channels. From Ireland there flocked to our shore thousands of fighters for freedom. But when Walpole commented "Ireland is *America mad,*" someone added, "so is all the continent," for from the "other parts of the world" came such friends as Rochambeau, deKalb, and Lafayette from France; Kosciusko and Pulaski from Poland; von Steuben from Prussia, and countless lesser lights. Some of these heroes gave their lives to American freedom. All of them suffered the extreme hardships of which Valley Forge forever stands as a symbol. For this they had in most cases left comfortable, ruling class lives at home—to which they often returned as rebels, applying (as did Pulaski in the struggle against czarism and Lafayette against the Old Regime in France) what they had learned in the New World to help wipe out the ills of the old.

Indeed, in Britain itself there was a very clear understanding among large sections of the public that the Americans and their allies who were fighting the British army were in fact fighting a war for the freedom of all peoples, including the British. This has been well expressed by so conservative a commentator as John Morley, who has pointed out that "a patriotic Englishman may revere the memory of Patrick Henry and George Washington no less than the patriotic American." When in the midst of the struggle against reaction in England came a report that the Redcoats had gained a victory over the Americans, Charles Fox spoke for many Britons when he referred to "the bad news from Long Island." And King George paid grudging tribute to the true feelings of the English masses when, in announcing peace terms with an independent America, he lamented, "I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinion of the People." The American victory gave heart, encouragement, and a series of successes to the English liberals at home. It was an English as well as an American revolution.

It was not "wishes and opinion" alone which brought about an independent America, however. It was also the military participation of united nations that did not permit social and political differences to stand in the way of common action. In 1778 France became our ally. In 1779 Spain joined the coalition, and Holland the next year, while Russia, Denmark, and Sweden joined in an armed neutrality friendly to the United States and hostile to British sea power. The War of the American Revolution was fought not only in Brooklyn and Philadelphia and Saratoga but also on the coasts of India, in the islands of

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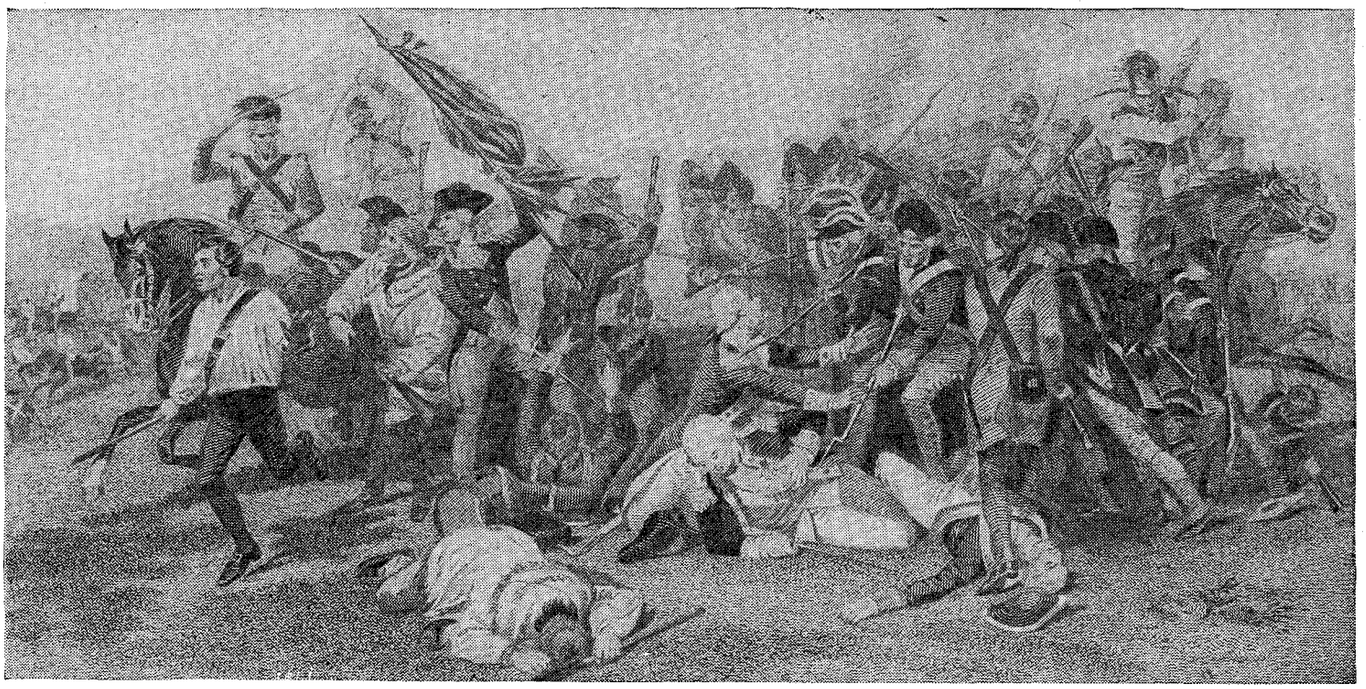

Death of Baron de Kalb in the Battle of Camden, S. C., on Aug. 16, 1780. De Kalb, a German who had served in the French army, came to this country in 1777 with Lafayette and fought brilliantly until his death. In the Battle of Camden he was second in command to General Horatio Gates whose bungling resulted in a disastrous defeat for the American forces.

the Caribbean, and on a number of other little second fronts. *Defense did not win that war.* It was won by coordinated and surprise action on land and sea. It was won by repeatedly taking risks.

The French alliance was, of course, the most important, and Franklin the most important American in bringing it about. In the international intellectual ferment of the eighteenth century that preceded and laid the ideological basis for both the American and the French Revolutions—for revolutionary ideas were as international as alliances—Franklin was of course one of the greatest figures, and so portentous did his arrival in France appear to be that the police were instructed to permit no mention of it to be made in the cafes, lest dangerous talk ensue. Such prohibitions were of course of little effect, for soon it was widespread knowledge that Dr. Franklin was an honored guest in the best homes. The Franklin whose entire life and works were a defiance of kings could with good revolutionary conscience accept the mission to the King of France, and find the gilded salons of the *noblesse* a convenient instrument for the advancement of the Revolution.

Once the battle of Saratoga ensured that the Americans could hold their own, traditional motives and interests of Bourbon dynastic and mercantile imperialism made French support of revolutionary America against the common enemy, Britain, a natural policy, nor were there many purists on either side to protest. And with the French entrance into the war, the end was inevitable. Lord North, that *bete noir* of old-fashioned textbooks in American history, was now ready to grant the colonists all that they had asked for prior to the first Fourth of July, plus amnesty to all—so fearful was London of the new international unity of France and America. Nor did King George refrain from indulging in some rumormongering to break up that unity. In true *Daily News-Chicago Tribune* style he had already dropped a hint to Paris: ". . . discontents among the leaders in America, if authentic, will not only facilitate the bringing back that deluded country to some reasonable ideas, but will make France reconsider whether she ought to enter into a war when America may leave her in the lurch."

Of course, the American alliance was extremely popular with the French people, a factor which had played a part in bringing it about. And in this country, as an editor of NEW MASSES, A. B. Magil, has pointed out elsewhere: "If there were any hesitations among the American leaders when the French alliance was ratified, history has preserved no record of them. If there were any members of the Continental Congress who said: 'We are being dragged into an imperialist war between Britain and France in which our own fight for liberty will be submerged,' their objections were not committed to paper. The fact is the vote in the Congress for the French alliance was unanimous. Benedict Arnold, in the address "To the Inhabitants of America" which he issued when he sold himself to the enemy, tried to cover up his treason by saying he had opposed this compact with a despotic monarch. This pseudo-Left demagogy has been emulated in a similar situation by a more recent breed of traitors known as Trotskyites. ("Lessons from Our War of Independence," *The Communist,* April 1942.)

Indeed, our French alliance, which provided military and naval assistance instrumental in winning our war, was not without serious consequences for France itself. The young officers of the *fleur-de-lis* returned with an unbounded admiration for republican institutions. "Even Lauzun," the historian Lowell reports, "forgot to be lewd in speaking of the ladies of Newport." Several editions of the constitutions of the new American states were sold in Paris. When the storm broke there, the main key of the Bastille was sent to President Washington, and the contemporary John Marshall observed that "in no part of the globe was this revolution hailed with more joy than in America." A greater tribute than the Bastille key was the sincere flattery of imitation. Lafayette, upon returning home, had framed on his wall a copy of the Declaration of Independence, and had put an empty frame next to it which, he explained, was awaiting the French edition. As a matter of fact, when it came, the Declaration of the Rights of Man and Citizen borrowed many a phrase and concept from Jefferson's document. It is with good reason that years later one of Lafayette's aides looked back sadly upon his stay in free America:

"When we think of the false ideas of government and philanthropy these youths acquired in America and propagated in

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France with so much enthusiasm and such deplorable success—for this mania of imitation powerfully aided the revolution—we are bound to confess that it would have been better, both for themselves and for us, if these young philosophers in red-heeled shoes had stayed at home in attendance on the court."

Many of the most prominent members of the National Constituent Assembly had been to America, and when Franklin died in 1790, the Assembly ordered mourning for three days, while vendors made small fortunes selling Franklin mementos of the American Revolution in the midst of the crucial days of the French Revolution. Many decades later, and inspired in part by the just-published *Communist Manifesto,* French revolutionists were again to rise up against monarchical despotism, and to choose Washington's Birthday, 1848, as the day of their revolt.

THIS international solidarity worked both ways, of course. The 1790's were hectic days of conflict between the pro-British Federalists, tied to England not only by commerce but also by support of British leadership in the coalition against revolutionary France, and the pro-French Anti-Federalists, who soon gloried in the name which their enemies applied to them as a supreme insult, *Democratic*-Republicans. Every development in Paris was the occasion for appropriate demonstrations by the "French party," as the latter were called. And the followers of Jefferson were denounced as "foreign agents," threatening the overthrow of society, in much the same manner that Attorney General Biddle and Martin Dies attack Communists and other progressives today.

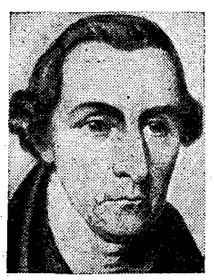
Americans knew in the first few decades of our history that they occupied a unique position in the minds and hearts of the world. Like the Soviet Union today, they represented the vanguard of the progressive forces of the world. Free peoples, and peoples yearning to be free, everywhere looked at Washington—both the city and the memory of the man—for inspiration. Especially the new republics of Latin America, which emerged in the early nineteenth century, sought to consolidate their democratic gains by copying the wording of our Constitution and the architecture of our capitol building. Today we live in a United States which, in relation to the nations of the world, has grown rich and powerful, so it is easy to forget that simple, stark, republican position which our country occupied, that advanced expression of democracy which we symbolized for all the world.

On this July Fourth, when our very survival as a nation, the survival of the principles of the American Revolution, of the democratic achievements of 166 years is at stake in the most gigantic war in history, it is good to know that in fighting side by side with Britain, Russia, China, and the other United Nations we are continuing the international solidarity which helped give birth to our nation and preserve it against its enemies. In the terrorized countries now grinding under the heel of fascism, men today must be meeting to renew their devotion to the cause of liberty—to celebrate the first Fourth of July which finds America and the world in united struggle against the Axis. And in this titanic conflict between the free world and the slave world is being written a new declaration of independence and a new bill of rights—written in blood and sweat by millions in all lands who are determined that by the next Fourth of July fascist despotism shall be wiped off the face of the earth.

LAWRENCE KEENAN.

DEFENSE DID NOT WIN THAT WAR

"Never, since the commencement of the present revolution, has there been in my judgment a period when vigorous measures were more consonant to sound policy than the present. . . . What madness then can be greater, or policy and economy worse, than to let the enemy again rise upon our folly and want of exertion? Shall we not be justly chargeable for all the blood and treasure, which shall be wasted in a lingering war, procrastinated by fake expectations of peace, or timid measures for prosecuting the war?"—*George Washington, letter to James McHenry, March 12, 1782.*



"They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemy shall have bound us hand and foot? . . . The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave."—*Patrick Henry, speech to the Virginia Convention, March 1775.*

"The enemy was everywhere resisted, repulsed or besieged. On the ocean, in the Channel, in their very ports their ships were taken and their commerce obstructed. The greatest revolution the world ever saw is likely to be effected in a few years; and the power that has for centuries made all Europe tremble, assisted by 20,000 German mercenaries . . . will be effectually humbled by those whom she insulted and injured, because she conceived they had neither spirit nor power to resist or revenge it."—*Benjamin Franklin as quoted Oct. 25, 1777, in the Journal of Arthur Lee, who served with Franklin as one of the American commissioners sent to France to negotiate an alliance.*

"Where an enemy thinks a design against him improbable, he can always be surprised and attacked to advantage. It is true I must run great risk; no gallant action was ever accomplished without danger. . . ."—*John Paul Jones, 1778.*

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THE RIVER THEY CROSSED

He stood there in the freezing blackness watching his ragged band load the boats. And in them a fierce joy rose. This was not the end but only new beginnings.

The following is an excerpt from the concluding portion of Howard Fast's historical novel The Unvanquished, *just published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce. After a series of disastrous setbacks and retreats in the New York and New Jersey campaign of August-December 1776, Washington has decided to lead his troops back across the Delaware for a surprise attack on the Hessians at Trenton. A review of the novel appears on page 23 of this issue.*

ICE, breaking from the shelves and shallow creeks in the north, was fast filling the river, big, nasty slabs, not very thick, but sharp and like knife-edges in the swirling current. Watching it gather through the white veil of his breath, Glover shook his head ruefully.

"I don't like it," he told Captain Purdy of Gloucester.

"We'll have to count on poling."

"If the bottom don't fall away."

"At any rate, we'll slip downstream more than we thought. I figure we ought to look for a likely spot up about a mile."

"It's too late, and we can't get the guns into the boats without the ferry landing. We'll do what we can."

THE foxhunter, now mounted on a bony chestnut, galloped along the freezing, shivering line, calling, "General Greene! General Greene!" His big cloak was threadbare and flapped loosely about his long figure, his nose was bright red, his eyes watery; and he coughed and sneezed as he demanded, "General Greene!"

"What is it, sir?"

"What time is it?"

"Just about half after one."

"Well, what are you waiting for, Nathanael? Start the men for the ferry. Can't you see they're freezing cold?"

"I thought I would wait just a while longer."

"No, start them off now!" And then he wheeled away and was spurring his horse down to see how Knox and Hamilton were doing with the artillery.

IT MADE Greene's heart ache to watch the half-frozen men shuffling along on their way to the river. They had known an hour of dreadful anticipation, but by now their fear had been whipped into a stolid, dogged determination. Their cockiness was gone and their boasting was gone, but in its place

Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Oct. 19, 1781. This victory, which practically ended the war, was made possible by the joint action of American forces under Washington and French forces under Rochambeau with the cooperation of the French fleet under de Grasse. Note the Negro soldier on the right beside the American flag.

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had come a silent, somber intent. Many of them believed that this was the end of their tragic, short-lived revolution; arguments and reasons had vanished; they were men going forward to die because they had committed themselves to freedom, and now, when everything else was gone, there remained only that commitment.

They did not sing nor did they talk as they moved along; they gripped their big, clumsy flintlocks with deadly earnestness; and their eyes, for the most part, were set straight ahead: and they did not know that the cold shuffling sound of their steps would echo undyingly.

And Greene, also treading a blank path, thought to himself: "They are brave, and that is something I will remember. Even if they run away, I will always remember that they were brave at this time."

Greene had once fought a battle with himself; he was a Quaker, and the edict was stern and straightforward: Thou shalt not kill. But if ever there was vindication, this was it, on Christmas Day, the day a man came into the world to preach Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men—and incongruous as that was, strange as that was, Greene knew that he was not defiling the day, that he was keeping a rendezvous with men of good will. As faint of heart as the rabble that marched beside him, he was nevertheless proud and humble.

LEANING over his saddle, the foxhunter asked Glover, "How are things now?"

"As well as can be expected, sir."

"You have the boats ready?"

Glover nodded, but pointed to the spinning ice cakes.

"You can get us across?"

"We'll get across," Glover said. "Maybe a little more time than we reckoned, but we'll get across. When do you want to start?"

The tall man looked at his watch and then at the sky. He thought that in about twenty minutes it would be dark enough to veil their movements from the other shore.

"Men first, then the guns?"

"A little of each," the tall man smiled.

He rode along the line of his men. They were crouched on the cold ground, and as he went past a succession of white faces turned in the dusk to look at him. He thought that it would have been the right thing to say something to them, but looking at their faces, there was nothing for the life of him that he thought mattered enough to put into words. He wondered whether they felt, as he did, the crashing insanity of this last desperate move. And what did they think of him? Did they hate him or did they love him, or did they follow him as sheep follow a leader? Was the stake, the intangible something called freedom, big enough? Was it worth the suffering, the starving, the cold and the hunger?

He didn't know. Once he had been sure of many things, but now he was sure only of the dark, singular path he must travel. He was lonely, and he knew that regardless of what happened, regardless of what came out of this, victory or defeat, glory or ruin, there would never be compensation nor relief from that loneliness. Still, he was not unhappy; often, he had said and written that he would not undergo this again for any reward

The scorched earth tactic was used by the American patriots. In this old print the wife of General Philip Schuyler is shown setting fire to her corn fields at the approach of the British in 1778. Subsequently the British under Burgoyne walked into a trap and were forced to surrender at Saratoga, a victory for which General Schuyler was largely responsible.

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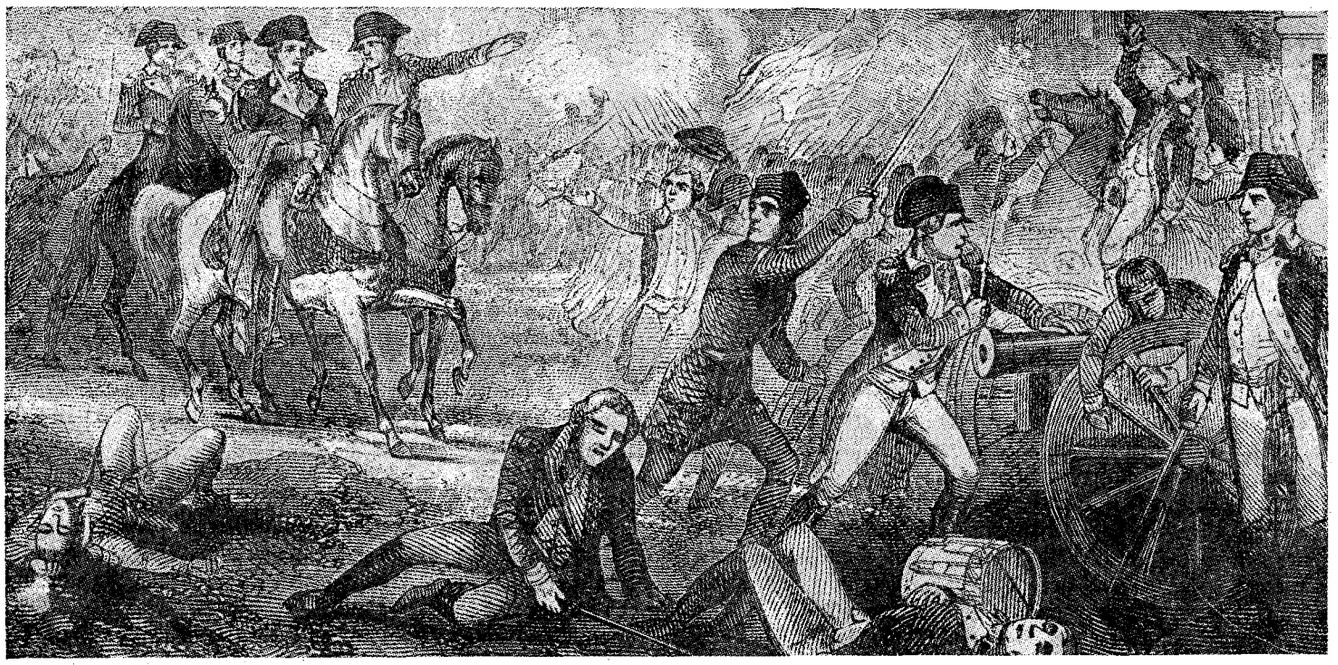

The Battle of Trenton, Dec. 26, 1776, in which Washington, after crossing the Delaware, defeated a British and Hessian force under Colonel Rall.

on earth, but now he was not quite certain of that fact. He had learned something terribly difficult for an aristocrat, for a foxhunter, for the wealthiest man in America; but now that he had learned he would not have been willing to unlearn. Wanting more than anything else to be loved and respected by others, he had found a strange peace in giving out of his own troubled heart.

For hours and hours the infantry had been standing and crouching motionless in the cold; now, at last, the order came to move. Their limbs were stiff and their joints creaked as they walked; they clapped their hands and beat their knuckles against their muskets. They stumbled and fell and got up again, feeling their way in the darkness; and they laughed, somewhat hysterically, at the way the Marblehead fishermen sang out, "Step smart there! Step lively!" They jostled against each other, and some of them slipped and fell into the icy water, and then were fished out shivering and cursing. The grinding crunch of the ice cakes and the constant thud against the frail sides of the boats made their throats contract, but they didn't hold back. They went into the inky blackness slowly but certainly.

For all the cold, the artillerymen poured sweat as they put their shoulders to the cannon, and strained and heaved them onto the barges, some of them standing waist-deep in the ice-cold water, others fighting the cannon on the rocking boats as if the big, insensate pieces of metal had suddenly come alive, others staggering under the weight of canister and iron balls. And the fishermen, groaning at the clumsy, butter-fingered landsmen, cursed and directed and pleaded. Knox, his huge voice drowning out all other sound, roared commands.

"Come at it there! Stand to it! Put your shoulders to it, God damn you! Put your shoulders to it!"

A barge overturned, spilling horses into the water, creating a sudden maelstrom of confusion as the frightened beasts fought the current, neighing shrilly. Sullivan, whose horse was among the three, shouted, "Get them! Get them! For God's sake, don't let them drown!"

The foxhunter, stumbling through the dark, looking for the harried, tireless Glover, came up with Knox and grasped both his shoulders, demanding, "For God's sake, Harry, it's past midnight! Why can't you get the guns loaded?"

Knox was soaked with sweat and river water, alternately feverish and chilled, his boots full of icy slush, his hat gone, his coat split down the back. He looked at the tall man pleadingly, shaking his head, "I'm doing my best, sir, I can't do more than that. It's the ice. The boats can't go across to where they want to go; they have to float downstream and then be dragged up. And I've been trying to get powder and shot across, sir—in case we want to use the guns in a hurry."

"Well, get them across, Harry! Get them across. And call for Glover. My voice is gone—call out!"

Knox roared and bellowed like a bull, but when he turned around again, the Virginian had gone off into the dark.

At two o'clock in the morning most of the army had already been ferried across the river. Working like demons, the fishermen had once more accomplished the impossible; they had pushed the army and guns through the black night, the ice and the current, to a point on the other bank some nine miles distant from the Hessian encampment at Trenton. Glover, coming to report, found the foxhunter standing with Knox and Greene.

"I think that you had better go across now, sir," Glover said. "The worst part of it is over."

Washington nodded, and Greene took his arm to help him down into the boat. But he stood aside and said, "Get in, Harry. I'll feel safer once you're set."

For Knox the reaction was close to hysteria. He climbed into the boat, bellowing laughter until the tears ran over his cheeks. He sat down, and Greene followed him, and then the Virginian, helped by the steadying hand of Glover, stepped in. He looked around for a place to sit, and then poked the fat colonel of artillery with his toe, telling him:

"Shift your weight, Harry, and trim the boat."

The fishermen pushed off from shore, their hard laughter breaking for once the wall that had been between them and the tall Virginia farmer; and Knox, still shaking with mirth, felt a great happiness and a great pride, for next to him, on the same seat, and close against him, was the man he loved more than any other. He looked at Washington, and saw how the light gray eyes were searching the darkness; and Knox knew, and Greene knew, with fierce joy, that this was not the end, that for their kind there could never be an end, but only new beginnings.

Howard Fast.

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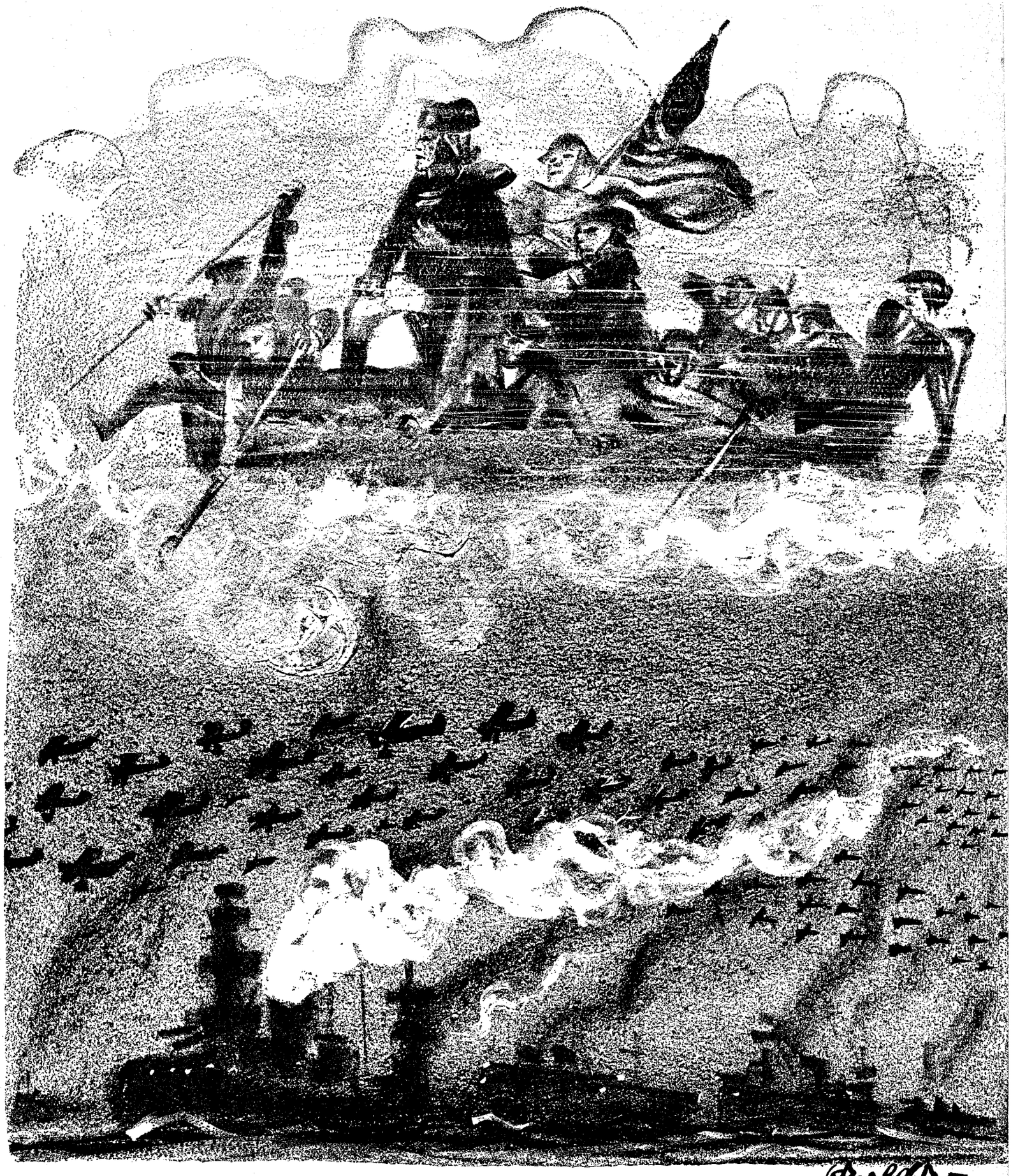

The Delaware for them—
the Atlantic for us.

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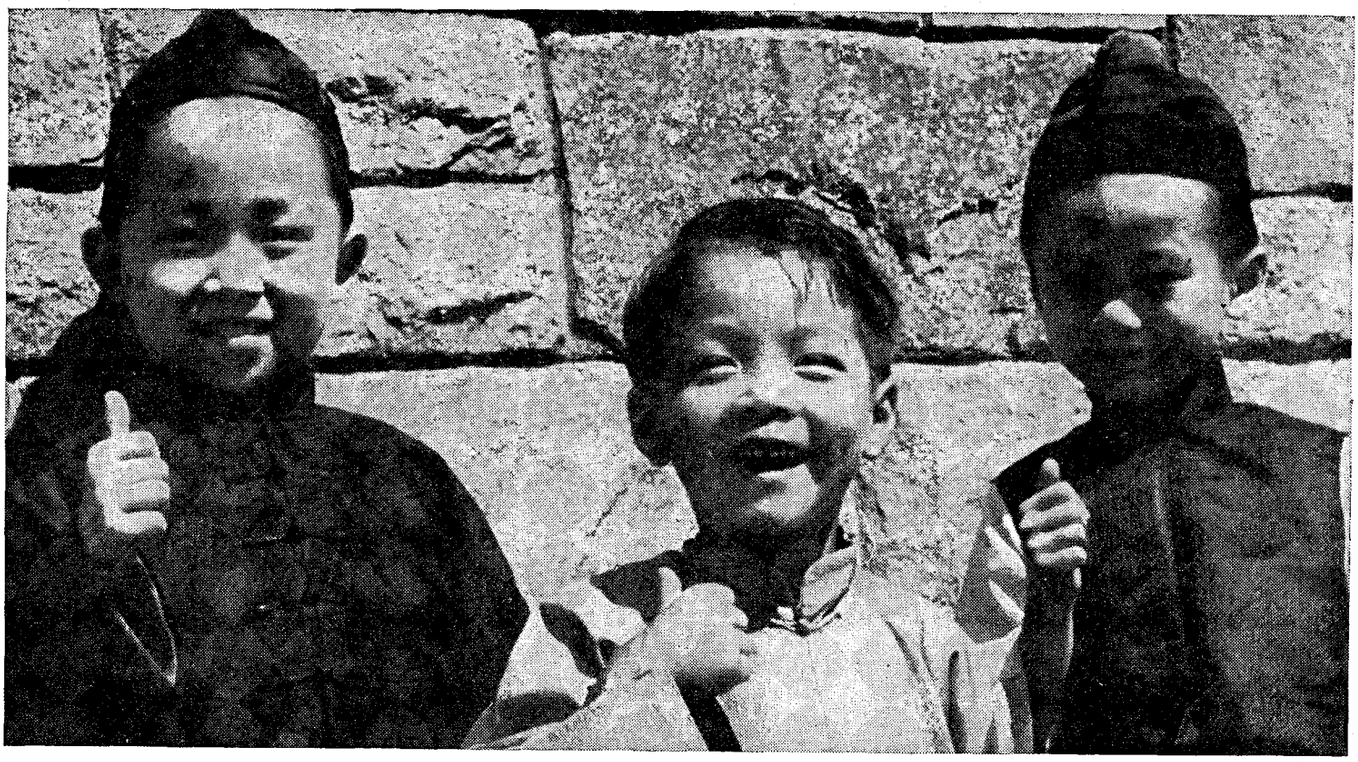

Ellen Conried

"Thumbs up" speaks a message all its own—and in every language. Kids of fighting China give the salute that means unity and victory.

CHINA AFTER FIVE YEARS

Frederick V. Field surveys China's position. Japan's offensive threatens a complete blockade. How to meet it. "Full and unquestioned equality" in the world anti-Axis front.

JULY 7 marks the fifth anniversary of the clash between Chinese and Japanese forces at Liukouchiao, near Peiping, that initiated full scale warfare between Japan's fascist invaders and the Chinese people. The Japanese invasion did not, of course, begin on that date. It had begun nearly six years before, on Sept. 18, 1931, with the occupation of Mukden, capital of China's Manchurian provinces.

Between 1931 and July 1937 Manchuria's lines of communication, major towns and cities, mines and factories had been seized by the Japanese. In 1933 the adjoining province to the west, Jehol, had been added to the conquest and during the same period a demilitarized zone in North China had been established. Japanese forces marched into two additional provinces, Chahar and Suiyuan. Meanwhile "special agents" had penetrated throughout the country, perfecting spy and fifth column activities preparatory to rendering the entire Chinese nation a colonial vassal of Japanese fascism.

During the first six years of invasion China offered only sporadic military or political resistance. Though the then Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson protested the invasion and though the voice of Litvinov was repeatedly raised in China's behalf in the League of Nations, the other powers grumbled, bowed, and scraped like serfs before a brutal master, and our own government later embarked on the disastrous course of appeasement. But within China, during these years, the groundwork was being laid for the people's united resistance which developed from the summer of 1937. Political truce and unity was hammered out among the various political groups, of which the most important were the Kuomintang and the Communist Party. Centrifugal forces in Chinese society were, under the impact of invasion and under increasing mass pressure, forced into a centripetal direction.

Thus, what is marked by the five-year anniversary on July 7 is not the beginning of the Sino-Japanese war but the period of the Chinese people's war of resistance. It celebrates the time at which the Chinese people and their leaders historically broke away from major dependence on external forces of appeasement and imperialism and decided to take into their own hands the defense of their independence and forge for themselves a democracy of 400,000,000 people.

The events which began with the Liukouchiao Incident five years ago in no small measure predetermined Pearl Harbor. For the transformation of China's resistance into a people's war robbed Japan of the possibility of a speedy victory and freed China from the certainty of capitulation through foreign appeasement. The prediction of the Tanaka Memorial that "if we want to control China, we must first crush the United States" became true, but for reasons altogether different from those envisaged by Japan's fascist cabal in 1927.

It is, indeed, not too much to say that Japan's inability to conquer China's popular resistance, coupled with our failure to assure a Chinese victory by abandoning appeasement, determined Japan's attack on the United States. The nature of China's defense helped define the popular war the United Nations must wage in order to smash the Axis. For China's five-year defense has proved the strength of an aroused though poorly armed people against mechanized might. It has proved the tactical superiority of a people's democratic initiative against fascist-officered troops. It has demonstrated the power of a united nation fighting for its liberties in contrast to the apparent unity forced on the people of fascist nations by blood and oppression.

If for five years the Chinese people have demonstrated these unalterable truths, how much more have they proved to us that given modern arms and equipment of war, they could drive the invaders from their shores!

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What have been the major military movements in China since July 7, 1937? Have the Japanese been able to achieve stable objectives? Are the Chinese close to being licked? And, given the world situation, what are the immediate tasks of the United Nations in cooperating with China?

Virtually all of Japan's gains in China, following Liukouchiao, were made in the next sixteen months. This period of advance was climaxed and ended with the capture of Canton and Hankow in October 1938. The areas now appearing as shaded in the newspaper maps are virtually the same today as they were on Nov. 1, 1938. They include most of the territory in North China north and east of the Yellow River, Shanghai and the borders of the Yangtze River beyond Hankow to Ichang, and the area immediately around Canton in the south. The shading on maps is misleading, of course, for only the main cities and lines of communication are held, and these tenuously.

These first sixteen months the Chinese describe as their first or defensive phase of the war. It ended with the fall of Hankow. Thereupon China entered upon the second or guerrilla phase, which in turn is to be followed, when conditions permit, by the final counter-offensive phase. But increasingly forms of guerrilla warfare have assumed prominence in harassing the invaders in the so-called occupied areas and in cooperating with the main armies in preventing further advances. Following the fall of Hankow in October 1938, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek sent no less than sixty divisions to the east of the Japanese positions for the purpose of harassing their rear. And throughout this period, as in the preceding more purely defensive one, the guerrilla forces in the north, under the direction of the Communist-led Eighth Route Army, organized and carried out partisan resistance of such effectiveness that the Japanese were able neither to make strategically necessary advances nor to consolidate the points already taken.

Three major campaigns were launched by the fascists against Changsha, key city on the railroad from Hankow to Canton. All three attempts, in October 1939, September 1941, and January 1942, ended in serious and humiliating defeat for the Mikado's soldiers. A strong Japanese force succeeded in capturing the important city of Chengchow on the railroad going north from Hankow to Peiping, but a month later, in November 1941, they were forced to withdraw. Large campaigns were launched during 1941 in an attempt to seize the south China coast so as to put a stop to the military supplies that were reaching Chinese troops from these ports and to protect Japanese coastwise shipping, but these invasions were also repulsed.

An indication of the magnitude of guerrilla operations in North China is shown by the Japanese complaint that in January 1942 alone they were forced to fight 1,632 battles against 247,000 Chinese guerrillas of the Eighth Route Army.

THE opening of war between Japan and the United Nations last December meant, for China, not only the further postponement of the counter-offensive phase of the war because of the further stoppage of supplies from abroad, but also the necessity of reverting to tactics of a more completely defensive nature. For Japan's speedy and easy successes against the British, Americans, and Dutch throughout southeastern Asia prepared the way for a new and large scale offensive in China. And it is this offensive which is today creating for China's heroic people the most severe crisis of their entire war against Japan.

Through its victories against the United States, Great Britain, and their allies in southeastern Asia, Japan has achieved two major objectives in its attempt to crush China. It has, for the present, succeeded in isolating China from the United States and Great Britain. Very meager supplies are reaching China today. There is no immediate way for us to get large quantities of supplies to our Chinese ally. And there is no point in kidding ourselves about this. The licking we have taken is having the most serious consequences upon our ally, China.

The Japanese, secondly, by occupying Burma and moving their ships and planes into the Bay of Bengal and within easy reach of northeast India, have, for the present, isolated China from its great potential ally, India. They have not only cut off supply routes from that direction but they have also put a formidable obstacle in the way of closer cooperation between these two great countries, a cooperation essential for victory.

Japan has further objectives against China which it can now, for the first time since it bogged down in its China campaign in the fall of 1938, pursue. The current Japanese campaign along the Nanchang-Hangchow railroad and vicinity is clearly designed to accomplish two things. One of them is to seize and destroy air bases from which Japan itself could easily be bombed and from which Japan's supply lines to its newly conquered areas could be severely harassed. The second is to seize control of China's railway system so that the present pressure on her shipping facilities to the new areas may be relieved and contact assured with southeastern Asia by a land route should her shipping lanes become subject to heavy attack.

A second group of Japanese objectives in China is more far-reaching. It represents the extension of her original aim of subjugating China. Today that objective means putting China out of the war. It is one that the Chinese people will never accept. But at the same time it is one that is so threatening that every possible thing must be done by the United Nations to help the Chinese people defeat it.

SINCE January of this year Japan has for the first time in over three years made significant advances in China. Strategically important regions south of Hangchow, on the one hand, and south of Nanchang, on the other, have been occupied. An advance has also been made in the extreme north of China beyond the city of Paotow in Suiyuan Province. The loss of Hongkong by the British has greatly increased Japan's strength on China's southern coast. The Chinese people, in spite of these setbacks and in spite of an understandable feeling of having been let down by their allies, Great Britain and the United States, nevertheless remain firm in their determination to oust the invader. Their armies and their people are resisting every inch of the way. More than that, they are counter-attacking and winning back some of the recently lost territory.

The people of America have every confidence in the ability of our Chinese ally to hold out. But we must ask at what cost to them and at what cost to ourselves? Can we afford to permit Japan to win even a partial victory over China?

And these questions lead to the crucial ones which we must now answer. We have reached the decision that our major war effort for the immediate future is to go into a second front against Hitler so that this year we can crush Hitler's armies between the British-American forces and the great armies of the Soviet Union. We have, moreover, accepted the implication of this decision that our major, knockout offensive against Japan must be delayed.

In the June 30 issue of NEW MASSES I elaborated what I believe to be our agreement that to make this grand strategy for defeating the Axis successful we must, at the same time that we carry forward the second front in Europe, prevent further Japanese victories, harass her forces wherever we find them, and prepare the way for the final smashing offensive.

We now find ourselves in the situation where Japan is currently engaged in a large scale offensive against our Chinese ally at a time when we have lost the ability to send adequate supplies to China. We are therefore faced with the serious possibility of further Japanese advances in China, which, whether they constitute large or small scale victories, will increase Japan's ability to prepare for an eventual attack by us. Our Chinese allies are confronted with the greatest crisis of their history, the necessity of facing their invader's new attacks with the enemy strengthened by recent victories and China geographically cut off from the United States and Great Britain.

Under these circumstances what is the role that we must play

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in aiding China? This may be discussed under four points.

First in spite of China's geographical isolation, there are certain things that can be done. Every attempt must be made to deliver certain types of war materials to China. The main possibility seems to lie in airplanes which can be flown in from India. Perhaps enough engine parts, tools, and small items of equipment can be ferried from India to make the effort well worth the attempt. A few hundred planes and the necessary personnel; in other words, a few days of American plane production would immeasurably relieve the pressure on China.

Such aid in itself would be an indication to the Chinese of our determination to cooperate with them and to help them through the terrible crisis of the coming months. But more than that can be done. *China must sit at the United Nations' war councils in a position of full and unquestioned equality with the United States, Great Britain, and the USSR. It must be just as much China's decision as it is ours that the immediate major effort of the United Nations is to be the establishment of a second front against Hitler.*

Secondly, it is necessary, and I believe possible, for us to create in the immediate future sufficient diversions so that Japan cannot concentrate to the same extent on the China front. Today it is Japan that is keeping our forces scattered. It is Japan that is creating the diversions for us. This situation must be reversed by increasing our raids on Japan itself, on her supply routes, and on her newly acquired territories.

Thirdly, we can take immediate steps to rally millions of people in Asia, now either on the sidelines in this war or actively aiding the Axis, to effective participation on our side. The crucial question in Asia, and particularly for the Chinese, is whether the Indian people are going to have the freedom prerequisite to their active participation against the Axis. The Chinese people, through their leader Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, have spoken out forthrightly for India's independence. As well as any one in the world they understand that an armed, mobilized people is the fundamental condition of success against the fascist aggressors, and that independence is the condition of national mobilization.

Long ago the problem of India ceased to be simply a problem between India and Great Britain. The Chinese have recognized that the question of India is crucial to their own victory over Japan. Today the American people must recognize that the problem of India is crucial to the whole war effort of the United Nations and that it is their problem as well as India's.

Associated with the mobilization to our side of the people of India is the similar problem respecting the former colonial areas and Siam in southeastern Asia now overrun by the Japanese. Can we afford not to take the steps needed to rally these 110,000,000 people actively to our side? Must we not quickly adopt those immediate political measures which will guarantee to all the peoples of Asia freedom and national independence when the fascists are wiped from the earth?

LASTLY, I come to a point which must have seemed conspicuous for its absence from earlier sections of this article. It is the question of the relation of the Soviet Union to China's great struggle and to the war of the United Nations against Japan. China is ringed by the Japanese aggressor down its entire eastern and southern coasts. Its southern land borders are blocked by the Japanese occupation of Indo-China and Thailand, and Burma cuts off the southwest frontier. The northeast, moreover, represents China's northeastern provinces and Manchuria, now within the so-called occupied area. The only direct connection remaining with the outside world is that through China's northwest with the Soviet Union.

The importance of the Soviet Union to China's war effort lies partly in the fact that they have a common frontier, for the great supply route running down from the USSR to Urumchi, Lanchow, and connecting by rail and motor road with both Sian and the Chengtu-Chungking area still carries much needed material of war. That route has not been shut off and can hardly be said to be threatened. Nevertheless, while the Soviet Union continues to be China's principal outside source of support, a vast increase in these supplies cannot be expected as long as the USSR is allowed to battle Hitler's armies virtually alone.

The most cogent of all reasons why the opening of a second front in Europe immediately will help beat Japan lies in the fact that the prerequisite for closer Soviet-Chinese war cooperation in the Far East is closer and *more active* American-British-Soviet cooperation against Germany. It rests with the people of America and Great Britain to bring this about. That is the greatest aid we can now render our heroic ally, the Chinese people.

FREDERICK V. FIELD.

LETTER TO AN ALLY

The generous assistance which the Soviet Union has given China in its struggle against the Japanese invader is a continuation of a policy of friendship and cooperation that goes back many years. Soviet Russia was the only country which after the Bolshevik Revolution voluntarily gave up all extra-territorial rights and other imperialist privileges that czarist Russia had seized. One of the foundations of Soviet-Chinese friendship was the warm regard that developed between Dr. Sun Yat-sen, father of the Chinese republic and its first president, and the Soviet people and their leaders. On his death-bed in 1925 Dr. Sun wrote this moving and prophetic letter to the Central Executive Committee of the Soviet government.

DEAR COMRADES: While I am here laid low by a sickness against which human skill is helpless, my thoughts are turned to you and to the fate of my country. You are at the head of a union of free republics—the heritage which the immortal Lenin bequeathed to the oppressed peoples. With the aid of this heritage the victims of imperialism will inevitably achieve their liberation from the international system which since ancient times has been rooted in slavery, wars, and injustice. I am leaving behind me a party which, as I have always hoped, will be connected with you in the historic work of finally emancipating China and other exploited countries from this imperialist system.

By the will of fate I must leave my work unfinished and pass it on to those who by remaining true to the principles and doctrines of the party will be my true successors. This is why I command the Kuomintang to continue the national liberation movement until China is completely liberated. With that end in view I have instructed the party to keep in constant contact with you. I firmly believe that the assistance which you have rendered my country up to now will remain constant. In bidding you farewell, dear comrades, I express the hope that the day is near when the USSR will welcome mighty and free China as a friend and ally, and that in the great struggles for the liberation of the oppressed peoples of the world both allies will march side by side to victory.

With fraternal greetings,

SUN YAT-SEN.

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MUST CHINA FIGHT ALONE?

Crack fighting men of fighting China: With heavy equipment, especially planes, they can turn from defense to offense against the common foe.

Lin Yutang rebukes those geopoliticians who would subordinate his country's role in the world battle. Hard and unpleasant facts about Allied aid. The idea of true equality.

Lin Yutang is a well known Chinese writer now living in the United States. Born in the province of Fukien, he went to Christian schools where he studied English and Western subjects. Later he attended Harvard, Jena, and Leipzig Universities. He then returned to his own country where he was a professor at Peking National University. He is the author of several books, one of which, "The Importance of Living," was recently banned in Italy.

CHINA will be celebrating the glorious record of a five-year heroic resistance against fascist aggression this July 7. China can celebrate it with pride, not with joy. Millions of Chinese lives have been sacrificed, and her losses have equalled Russia's, but they have been sacrificed in so remote a corner of the world that the world hardly realizes it. Up to the moment of my writing, the China War has been treated by the Allies strictly as a divisible war. That is to say, up to now, China has been fighting alone.

China has been fighting, first, for her own national freedom and, secondly, for the spiritual principle of democracy and equality of all nations of the world. In her first object, she will certainly succeed, but in her second object, she will probably fail, which is to say, the spiritual principle of democracy and equality of all peoples of the world will probably not succeed. The reason is that the fight between the democratic principle for freedom for all peoples and the fascist principle of dominating and ruling the world by force, with hypocritical tributes to freedom and equality, has to be fought not in China, but here in this country and in England. The war about the peace is on. A battle is being fought in the minds of Englishmen and Americans between the idea of world cooperation and world domination by Anglo-American air and sea power. If I judge aright by the books that have come out in the last three months, the idea of Anglo-American world mastery is gaining ground. Note Professor Spykman's *America's Strategy in World Politics,* Stephen King-Hall's *Total Victory,* Lionel Gelber's *Peace by Power,* John MacCormac's *America and World Mastery,* and Kurt Bloch's memorandum on *Far Eastern Postwar Problems.* All these stand for Anglo-American world mastery. Professor Spykman advises "crushing" both China and Russia after crushing Germany and Japan, while Kurt Bloch advises maintaining Anglo-American control of Formosa, Indo-China, and Burma as long-range bombing bases to check, not Japan, but China. They are quite explicit about it.

THAT is why I say the fight between world democracy and fascism is taking place, and will be decided, here in America and in England, and not in China. Of course any clear-headed person must realize the principle of world domination by force is fascism. At best, it can be defended as "benevolent" fascism. But domination by force precludes the principle of freedom from fear and the principle of equality. There is no escape from the contradiction. According to these fascist minds, even the international police will be just an Anglo-American police force, and the principle of equality will not be admitted in any future world federation. Of course the "Anglo-American Peace Force" of King-Hall will be known as a "peace" force, and it may even be called an "international" police; furthermore, there may actually emerge a "world federation." Unless the "international police" and the "world federation" are dominated by Britain and America, these fascist authors are not interested. The basic fascist idea of domination by force, with its strength and its weakness, remains. You cannot have world masters without having slave people, under whatever name you may call them. The idea of world conquest which looked so simple to Hitler, looks now equally simple to these fascist authors, the naive, childish reason being that *the means of world conquest are there.* Geopolitics has invaded America at home, while we are fighting fascism abroad.

In other words, these writers believe that world mastery by sheer force, which failed in Hitler's hands, will succeed in Anglo-American hands. Man's innate love of freedom and the normal human reactions against any threat of force, which form the biggest spiritual force now defeating Hitler, are entirely ignored by these writers.

At the bottom of all this idea of world domination is the fascist idea of racial superiority, characteristic of Goebbels and Hitler. So long as racial arrogance exists, no true equality of the nations of the world can be admitted.

Three years after the war broke out in Europe the minds of liberal men are more disillusioned than ever. Unless a second front is opened in Europe, the Russian people will be profoundly disillusioned. The Chinese people as a whole are already profoundly disillusioned. They are not saying anything about it, but that is no reason why far-sighted statesmen should not take Chinese feelings into account.

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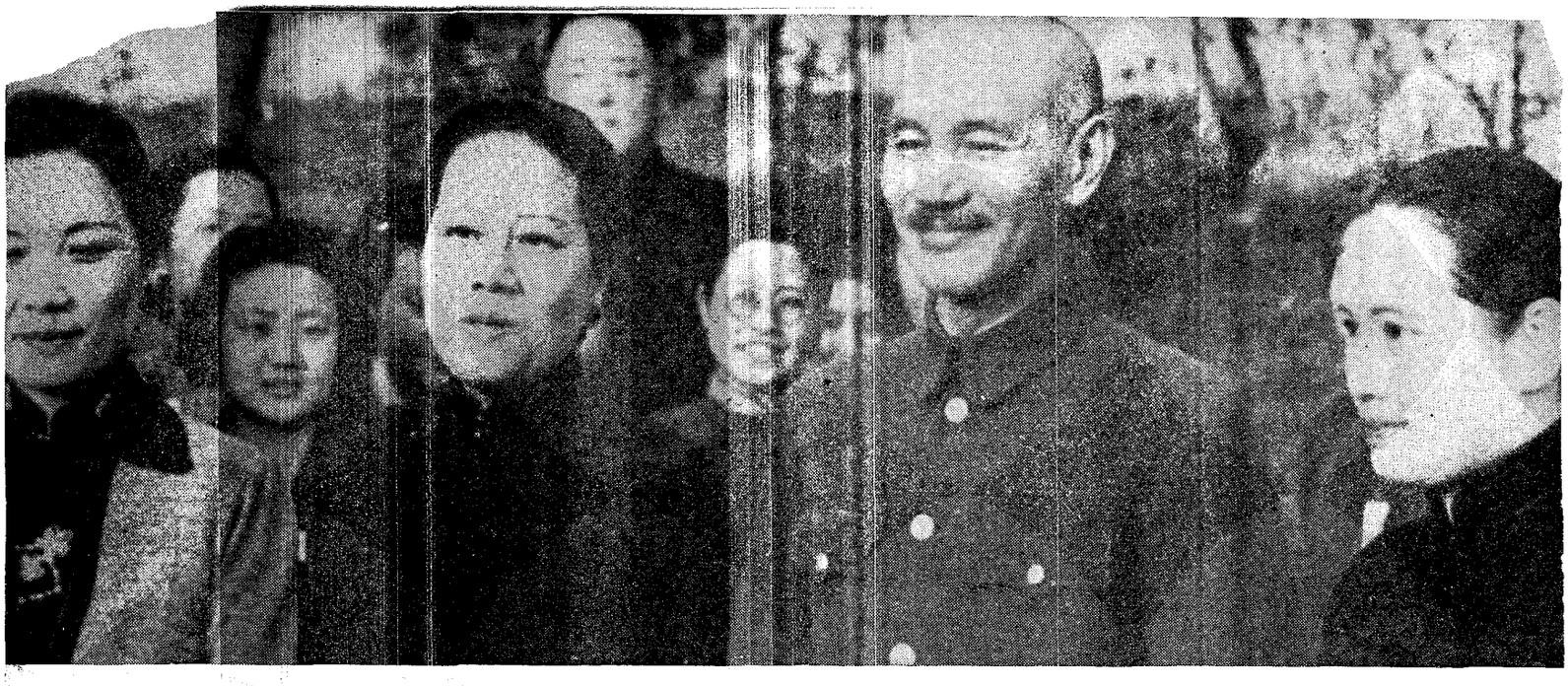

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and the three famous Soong sisters, better known as Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, on the extreme left, Mme. H. H. Kung, wife of China's Finance Minister, and on the right, Mme. Sun Yat-sen, widow of the founder of the Chinese Republic.

Since geopoliticians are fond of being objective and realistic, one might just as well be objective and realistic about the past record of the China War, and try to understand why the Chinese people are disillusioned. Throughout this war, China has not been given a fair deal. The Brussels Conference broke down in 1937. For four years the world stood aloof; only Russia helped China with loans on easy terms, not commercial terms. In the summer of 1940 the Burma Road was closed by England. Under the "license" system, America doubled and trebled her sale of oil to Japan from the summer of 1940 to the spring of 1941, as if China was not fighting fascism, and as if Chinese didn't have feelings to be hurt. Then came Pearl Harbor. The Burma campaign was fought as a delaying action to give a few months for the defense of India. There was no intention to hold Burma, although the Burma Road means to China what the Suez Canal means to the Middle East and the Atlantic sea lanes mean to England. In all the five years China was given 100 P-40's of the older type almost as an oversight, which China did not hoard up at Chungking but promptly donated to the common defense of the Allies. Up to May this year not a single American plane had arrived in China since Pearl Harbor. These are hard facts, unbelievable to some readers. Therefore I am right in saying that the Allies have treated the China War strictly as a divisible war.

THERE is no point in being so frank about the Chinese feelings unless it is to force the recognition of a wrong and rectifying it. The war is a long one, and the sooner we rectify it, the better. Throughout the five years China has not lodged a single protest through diplomatic channels. Part of it is Confucian courtesy and restraint, and part of it nineteenth century psychology. Let us not misunderstand it. Russia spoke up and got what she wanted. You cannot expect the Chinese to do the same. Chinese just don't protest. They only say, "Thank you!" But weekly, tens of thousands of Chinese fighting lads are dying.

But even as the war is conducted in Washington and London, so will the peace be conducted. That is where the idea of true equality of all peoples and world cooperation comes in. The war has forced a vision of true brotherhood of mankind but we are not big enough to see it. Unless American public opinion rallies around the stand for world cooperation as against world mastery and economic exploitation, as was so nobly expressed by Vice-President Wallace and Sumner Welles, the idea of world domination will gain ground among those who are shaping our war and peace aims. We have got to face this battle.

LIN YUTANG.

Undoubtedly the issue raised by Lin Yutang is one that must fill every liberty-loving American with a sense of shame. Our debt to China is incalculable, yet the treatment accorded her by this country and the other major powers with the exception of Russia has been very disillusioning to the Chinese, as Dr. Lin points out, and very hurtful to the cause of the United Nations. Everything must be done to end this situation without delay. Yet we feel that perhaps Dr. Lin is too pessimistic about the future. There is growing recognition in this country and in England of the tragic consequences of imperialistic policies in the Far East. And those fascist-minded individuals who dream of an Anglo-American dominated world do not speak for the American people nor, we believe, for the American government. We would welcome comment from our readers on Lin Yutang's article—The Editors.

Mao Tse-tung, leader of the Chinese Communist Party.

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THE WEEK in LONDON by CLAUDE COCKBURN

THOSE ADVENTURIST GENTLEMEN

The men behind the "no-confidence" resolution. Who they are and what they are after. And the reply from the men and women in the factories.

London (by cable), June 29.

PARLIAMENT buzzed with anxious questions, newspapers were in a lather of speculation, and the men of John Brown's great Scottish shipyard met during their lunch hour to pass this resolution:

"This meeting of the men of John Brown's shipyard wholeheartedly welcomes the Anglo-Soviet agreement as a guarantee for victory and a cornerstone of unimpeachable world strategy. We unreservedly condemn those who, not content with attempting to sow defeatism in our ranks, are trying to use the Libyan reverses to attack the main world strategy which is undoubtedly correct. Long live the Anglo-Soviet alliance. Down with the enemies of the people. Forward to victory this year."

That was typical. Many such resolutions have been passed in shipyards, factories, workshops. There will be more of them. This is the voice of the most determined and hard-working men and women on the big jobs. It is to be hoped that Axis agents, defeatists, idiots, and Major Cazalets will alike take note of the John Brown resolution. It is a declaration of intention, and a warning to those who would impede that intention. It is necessary. It will be effective. It is the voice of those who ten days ago enthusiastically welcomed the Anglo-Soviet pact as first proof that something new is under way and enthusiastically applauded the action of the Prime Minister and the Foreign Minister in achieving this agreement.

These people are not "complacent" about the catastrophe in North Africa. On the other hand, they set it in a perspective which has not been suddenly discovered by them to mitigate the gloom of defeat. They have, during the whole of the past nine months, been coming to the conclusion that there was something basically wrong with the strategy of those who refused to respond to the Soviet call for a second front, and who preferred instead to conduct the war around the distant, wobbly edges of the empire rather than attack in the center.

In this perspective the disaster in North Africa is seen as the last miserable demonstration of a false strategy. It would be totally depressing if it were not for the fact that the London-Washington agreements were reached at the very moment when the bankruptcy of those who opposed such agreements or desired to delay them was being most sensationally exposed. That is the background of the John Brown resolution.

WE WILL turn to another sector of the political map: those members of Parliament, for instance, who put down the resolution of no confidence in the government's conduct of the war. I do not say that it is a theoretical impossibility that anything decent, progressive, or of national value should be supported by the name of Sir Herbert Williams. Nothing is impossible. It is necessary, however, to reflect—and it would have been good if some of the signatories of this motion had so reflected—that the proposition is a highly improbable one. Sir Herbert Williams is an extreme Tory, an enthusiastic Munichite, who seems still to say his political prayers to the ghost of Mr. Chamberlain. Only three weeks ago Sir Herbert was hawking in at least one newspaper office the suggestion that Sir John Wardlaw Milne might suitably succeed Mr. Churchill in the Premiership, and on being pressed for some reasonable ground for such a view, said he thought Milne would at least be able to make a "businessman's peace."

Then there is Milne himself, an able old duffer who has during the past year done first rate work on the select Committee on National Expenditure. Milne is understood to have lost a great deal of money in the Far East. For a while a few months ago he took part in a series of more or less private "oppositional" gatherings centering around the old 1941 Committee. These dinner parties included such diverse politicos as Milne, Hore-Belisha, Emanuel Shinwell, Lord Winterton, Kingsley Martin, and Hulton, owner of the *Picture Post*.

Since none of those concerned had any very large scale backing in the country with the possible exception of Shinwell, a Labor MP, discussions were of a somewhat academic, and necessarily, therefore, in some cases of an adventurist, character.

It would appear that during recent weeks Milne has moved somewhat more to the right. And it was noticeable that the notorious June bulletin of the defeatist Imperial Policy Group seemed to be putting Milne forward as the potential leader of the anti-Churchill opposition.

Hore-Belisha, formerly Minister of War, is also among the signers of the no-confidence motion. Of Hore-Belisha it can be said with confidence that he confidentially believes that Hore-Belisha is the man the country is waiting for. Of this it can only be remarked that Hore-Belisha is wrong.

AMONG other names on this very reassuring list we note that of Edgar Granville. Mr. Granville is one of a triumvirate forming the newly organized "People's Party." Other members of this group are W. J. Brown and Captain Cunningham-Reid. The captain will be remembered for practically nothing. Just what will be remembered about Mr. Granville and Mr. Brown is problematic and probably libelous. For the rest, the members who signed the motion of no confidence may be fairly easily divided into persons similar in one way or another to those already described and into naive stooges of one kind or another. There are one or two others, such for instance, as Mr. Horabin and Sir Roger Keyes who doubtless signed only in the naive but honest hope that this particular move was designed to stiffen the governmental attitude and to accelerate the carrying out of plans for victory in 1942.

It is already obvious that the situation is one which is susceptible of being exploited by the enemies of the Anglo-Soviet treaty and of the second front. It is perfectly true that there exists in the country a certain mood of weary cynicism regarding the high command, and the strategy and tactics of our government. There is, however, a point where a people of hard pride can fall victim to a certain inferiority complex. There is really no actual danger of this, I think, because the people who support the lines of the John Brown resolution which I quoted above are more numerous, more determined, more intelligent, and a great deal tougher than all the waverers and purveyors of uncertainty. Churchill at Ottawa once asked: "What kind of people do they imagine we are?" If anybody from the 1922 Committee to the adventurous pseudo-leftists of the Labor Party imagines that we are the kind of people who are going to permit any propaganda, any suggestion, any alarm, or despondency to deflect us from the decision taken in the agreement with Molotov a few weeks ago, he should inwardly digest the John Brown resolution and understand that this is the voice of the best people of Britain.

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REPAIRING THE LIBYA DEFEAT

Save the Suez Canal by crossing the English Channel. Colonel T. analyzes the military moves in North Africa. Why the British have been set back.

THE seventy-five-mile long strip of desert between Matruh and the great Qattara Depression is pregnant with a major military decision. General von Rommel is storming this British position and is, perhaps, also trying to outflank it by racing around and south of the Qattara hellhole to reach the Nile. Rommel and his three armored divisions have come more than 500 miles in less than six weeks. They have to go another 300 miles to the Suez Canal.

For the first time warfare in Libya has swung outside of the limits in which its oscillations were confined ever since the completion of the great Nazi offensive in the West in September 1940. Since then there have been five campaigns in Libya, including the present.

These campaigns were characterized by space limitations of some 500 miles and time limitations of about two months. The opposing armies alternately played the part of balls attached to a rubber band which permitted them to go so far and no farther. "So far" meant approximately the distance from the border of Egypt to the Gulf of Sidra, and back. The "rubber bands" were the lines of communications.

The first campaign came to an end in mid-September 1940 when Mussolini's legions were stopped at Sidi-Barrani, just inside Egypt. Graziani's 250,000 Italians were routed. The second campaign started in December 1940 and ended in February 1941 when Gen. Sir Archibald Wavell's army almost reached El Agheila. Soon after that Wavell was forced to divert some of his troops to the Balkans and Greece. On the other hand, Graziani's beaten legions were reinforced with General von Rommel's Afrika Corps. This changed the situation materially. Rommel took immediate advantage of the situation and pushed the British back faster than the British had advanced against the Italians. Tobruk was invested by Axis forces and the campaign closed at the end of the "rubber band," i.e. at the Egyptian border, May 1941. This campaign coincided with Hitler's Balkan drive and just preceded the attack upon the USSR.

The fourth campaign (or "oscillation") began in November 1941, with the British driving Rommel clear across Cyrenaica and reaching El Agheila in the beginning of February 1942. Then, in May of this year a reinforced Afrika Corps opened the fifth campaign. Tobruk is no more, something the second Axis offensive of a year ago could not achieve, and Rommel's two German and one Italian armored divisions have already swung clear out of the "prescribed" limits of the preceding four campaigns.

The previous four "oscillations" showed that there was a certain equilibrium of forces in Libya; so long as the *danse macabre* was confined to the 500-mile stage between the "wings"—Egypt and Tripolitania—the danger was circumscribed. Now the *danse macabre* has broken out of the "wings." The situation is dangerous.

THE implication of Rommel's drive and the military possibilities involved are so clear that it is superfluous to dwell upon the less obvious ones. But there are two aspects of the problem which deserve special attention. The first aspect is: how to explain the scope of the German success? The second aspect concerns the Red Army very directly because it might find itself compelled to divert large forces from its own Western Front in order to defend the Caucasus on the south—i.e. from Syria, Turkey, or Iraq.

The reasons for the British defeat should be considered in the light of the following circumstances: the desert RAF seems to have had air superiority over the Luftwaffe; the British Eighth Army had at the outset an admitted equality in armaments and equipment; in fact, Churchill described the "Fourth Campaign" as the first undertaken with "equipment to match the enemy's"; the British in this last campaign had a railroad clear to Fort Capuzzo while Rommel's railhead was clear back at Tripoli; the British had a superior navy in the Mediterranean while Rommel had the assistance only of Mussolini's secondhand "galoches"; the long range communications of the British and their supply line through the Red Sea were considerably less tenuous and vulnerable, although longer than those of the Axis across the Mediterranean; the British were actually engaging the enemy or being engaged by him only on one secondary front (Libya) while the Wehrmacht and the Luftwaffe had to distribute the ten percent of their forces which are not engaged on the Eastern Front between Europe, the "invasion coast," and Africa.

In view of all this their defeat gives food for thought. The military error of splitting the Eighth Army after the reverse at Rezegh and allowing a good part of it to flee to Tobruk only to get into a trap is rather obvious. Somebody must have lost his head here, and it was not Rommel, either. The British were outgeneraled and, despite the bravery of their soldiers, outfought.

LET us look into the second charge—the one that the British were outfought. Some commentators have pointed out that the Germans had better equipment: air-cooled tanks, a "universal" 88-mm gun acting both as an AA and AT weapon, etc. But actually, England has been reequipping herself for two years. Neither air-cooling in a tank nor a "universal" gun is anything new. The whole world knows of these things. The "universal" gun was actually inaugurated by one young Red Army instructor back in 1937, in Spain, who turned an AA-gun against tanks with deadly effect. Heat, sandstorms, long and difficult lines and all that sort of thing can be dismissed as extenuating circumstances because both sides had to contend with the same difficulties.

And so we still stand before the same query: what happened to the British campaign?

The answer may lie in a dispatch of New York *Times* correspondent James Aldridge from Cairo (June 23). I say "may" because I remember Mr. Aldridge's highly colored and fantastic stories emanating from Finland. But the British censor in Cairo would have stopped outright falsehoods, had Aldridge told any.

What does Mr. Aldridge say? He says that the Eighth British Army "lacked speed, virility, anger, and toughness." The British troops "lacked these qualities because the bases of their training, their reasons for fighting, their actual fighting, are all obscure." Mr. Aldridge tells us that in one of the British camps near Cairo, where the only recreation for the soldiers was an open-air movie theater, he saw "a bad pacifist picture from the United States. It was about the last war. The picture ended with a woman opening a letter and her soldier husband's identity disk falling out of it. It was all to show the 'hopelessness' of war . . . and the audience was to move to the front the next day."

Now, as to the second aspect of this very dangerous situation. Today, it is clear that the Red Army may have to defend Iraq and Iran. Many people talk about the Germans walking right into Baku, through Rostov. Well, they still have 900 miles to go from Kupyansk and 750 miles from Kerch, across the Straits and the Caucasian mountains. Before them stand Marshal Timoshenko and a lot of Red Army divisions.

But Rommel has a little over 1,000 miles to go from Matruh to Mosul, 900 miles from Crete, via Cyprus and Syria. Before him stands a depleted British Eighth Army, a *skeleton* Ninth Army (Syria) and a *blueprint* Tenth Army (Iran) . . . This means that the Red Army may have to send more and more divisions to its Caucasian back door. Gentlemen, gentlemen! how much can one expect of the Red Army after all! Isn't it doubly clear today that a second front would have averted the Libya defeat, and can still save everything from the Nile to the Caucasus? General Rommel's arm in the Mediterranean has been ominously extended. But the arm will wither if the proper blow is struck at the Nazi heart, in western Europe.

COLONEL T.

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Fourth of July DECLARATION *for Negro Youth*

FOREWORD:

From time to time material is received by the Office of Facts and Figures which clearly merits wide circulation. It is the policy of this office to call such material to the attention of the American people. The following "Fourth of July Declaration for Negro Youth" was drafted by the Southern Negro Youth Congress. It sets forth the aspirations and hopes of the young Negroes of the United States.—ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, *Director*

UP FROM THE FIELDS of cotton and corn, out of the pits and mills and factories, from the schools, churches, and club rooms, in the armed forces and naval stations, amid the shot and shell of the battle front, Negro Americans will come forth to the celebration of the Fourth of July. We Negro youth will march in determined stride with our white American brothers—for a rededication of our common allegiance to our Nation's founding principles—in determined resolve that our country shall remain a free land with the pursuit of happiness as the opportunity of all of its people.

On this day we will pledge our strength, our talents, our lives to the cause of Victory in this war against the Hitler-Axis enemies of our country and all mankind.

We Negro youth love our country and the high principles of Freedom, Equality, and Opportunity and the dignity of man upon which America was founded. Here, past generations of our people have lived and labored and died for the upbuilding of America, toward the fulfillment of her rich promise of freedom and security for all men. Her history is starred, her democratic pattern is entwined with the heroic deeds of our brave people who fought their way up from slavery. We Negro youth are proud inheritors of the Great Tradition; we are born to the Fight for Freedom.

We Negro youth man our battle stations today in the great tradition of our forefathers of the American Revolution—we level our guns against the enemies of our country and the enslavers of our kinsmen, that this, our great "Nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom."

Our generation stands fast to the cause of America, the cause of democracy and the dignity of man, and against the world-wide rebellion of the Hitlerite slavemasters and their Japanese and Italian partners. We know full well that if our country and her mighty allies fail to defeat the armies of the Axis slavemasters, the enjoyment of America's full blessings of democracy will be unattained and the light of our hope will go out.

So it is that we Negro youth declare our determination to work and fight for our country's victory to the full measure of our ability. Our will to serve our Nation in its hour of peril shall not be denied by foolish men or alien forces who would withhold from us the right to rally to our country's defense. Those who foment race hatred against us, and seek to limit our contribution or prevent us from joining wholeheartedly in the program for victory over the Axis are preventing the mobilization of the Nation's full fighting power. They are aiding the cause of the enemy.

We shall take our rightful places:

In Industry—making the machines for victory.

In Civilian Defense—at air raid stations, first aid centers, with the auxiliary police and firemen.

In the Armed Forces—in the ranks and among the officers' corps; on land, at sea, and in the air, carrying the war to Hitler on the continent of Europe.

We Negro youth need America and we shall give the best that is within us to keep her strong and to keep her free. And America needs the loyalty, talents, energies, and courage of her Negro youth for a speedy victory over the enemy. We Negro youth march to the service of our country.

Freedom's Children, to Arms! Ours Shall be a Generation of Victory!

We shall dramatize our united support of our Nation's Victory program on America's Independence Day, July 4, 1942.

SOUTHERN NEGRO YOUTH CONGRESS

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Crisis Week

IN THIS week it became acutely clear why 1942 is the critical year of the war. It was a week which unfolded more clearly than ever the war's enormous opportunities by contrast with its perils. In the Middle East the continued setbacks in Egypt with all they imply for the whole Levantine littoral clear through to Iran, brought home to everyone the price we are paying for not having opened a Western Front back in March when the Red Army had reached the crest of its winter drive. The defeat in Libya is not, as some commentators imply, a reason for postponing the second front; on the contrary, it shows clearly what fate is in store for us if the second front is further postponed.

And this same point stands out bluntly from the week of heavy fighting at the miraculous fortress of Sevastopol and the bloody plains below Kharkov. By now, what Soviet sources call the "main Nazi drive" is under way from Kursk, north of Kharkov: the Russians are giving a tremendous account of themselves, but here also the key to the situation is a front in western Europe. Only this can equal the Soviet sacrifice; only this can nullify the defeat in Libya, and only this can spike Pierre Laval's further subjugation of France, and nullify Marshal Mannerheim's plans in the Baltic region. And it is noticeable that more and more newspapers, and their readers' correspondence columns, more public figures, labor unions and other people's organizations are recognizing the urgency of the second front. What appeared to be the view of a minority six weeks ago now becomes an unquestionably overwhelming demand.

With the appointment of Gen. Dwight Eisenhower as chief of operations in the European theater, and with the announcement of our great progress on the production lines—4,000 planes, 1,500 tanks, 100,000 pieces of all types of guns and artillery in May—the preparations for a second front are clearly ripening. The Roosevelt-Churchill statement reporting the week of United Nations conferences in Washington necessarily dealt with the world picture: it mentioned the problem of strengthening China, noted the gratifying production rate, promised better protection of our shipping in the north Atlantic, and so the phrase about "diverting the German attack upon Russia" did not have quite the same dramatic quality as the announcement after the Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov's visit to Washington.

It was too early at this writing to assess the full implications of these conferences; one would have to wait at least until after Churchill speaks in the House of Commons. But our own confidence is that the USA-British-Soviet declarations of early June are already being embodied in practical deeds. However, the war is moving fast. The crisis is at hand within weeks. Active, full scale military operations in western Europe in the early summer will make all the difference in the world this autumn and winter. This is what Americans—and hundreds of millions of their allies—are waiting for. And working for.

Unity Will Do It

AMERICANS who marched in the National Negro Achievement Day Parades of June 27 had much to celebrate. They marched for Dorie Miller and Joe Louis, for the thousands of Dorie Millers and Joe Louises in our armed forces. And they celebrated, also, the mighty contributions of the Negro people to America as symbolized by the achievements, in both war and peace, of outstanding Negro leaders.

In New York the parade came on the opening day of a win-the-war conference called by the Negro Labor Victory Committee. Delegates from nearly 100 CIO and AFL unions and Negro community groups participated. It was much more a conference on how Negroes could *fully* participate in the war—how to cut away the barbed wire of Jim-Crowism, prejudice, brutality. Paul V. McNutt, chairman of the War Manpower Commission, recited the achievements of Negroes on the industrial front but warned that there was still serious racial discrimination there and that "America cannot stand that kind of nonsense." Delegates were told by Rep. Vito Marcantonio of New York that he was sponsoring a bill to give the President's Fair Employment Practices Committee real power to force compliance with its recommendations. The word victory rang through the discussions. Dorie Miller's mother, who came to the rally from her sharecropper home in Texas, told the delegates that "Some people say we have nothing to fight for. But we all know we have something to fight for—that is freedom." And in their message to President Roosevelt, who had sent his greetings, the delegates pledged "wholehearted support to our nation's just war."

To abolish discrimination is a vital part of that support. Therefore the conference called for immediate training of 100,000 Negro workers; for the appointment of a Negro war manpower commission and Negro representation on all regulatory government bodies; an end to Jim-Crowism in the armed forces; punishment of lynchers; abolition of the poll tax; and the pardon of the five Scottsboro boys still in jail and of Odell Waller.

As we go to press, Governor Darden of Virginia has just concluded hearings on the Odell Waller case, but hasn't yet announced his decision—whether or not to commute the death sentence to life imprisonment. Waller, a Virginia sharecropper, was convicted two years ago of killing a white landlord who cheated him of his share in a wheat crop and drove his family off the land. All Negroes and poor whites were excluded from the jury that tried him, by making poll-tax payment a prerequisite to jury service. He was given the death sentence but was reprieved five times by two Virginia governors, because of the nationwide protest against the poll-tax feature of the court proceedings. Whatever Governor Darden decides—and that will be known by the time this magazine appears—the case of Odell Waller will not be forgotten. It symbolizes a whole historic struggle for the democratic rights of Negroes in our courts and at the polls.

The Old Lies Again

DRAWING up a Dies committee report is a dirty but not difficult job. All the "investigator" has to do is check his card index of "Red" organizations, read over a few clips from the Chicago *Tribune,* throw in some fiction of his own, and paste the whole thing together with mud. There are no hearings, no testimony, no investigation. There is only a report, and the latest deals with a "Communist-inspired movement" to "undermine Congress." This conspiracy, according to Dies, is led by the Union for Democratic Action in collaboration with the *New Republic,* and also involves *Time* magazine, *PM,* the *Daily Worker,* and NEW MASSES. Their "undermining" consisted of publishing the records of congressmen up for reelection. Martin Dies, Joseph Starnes, J. Parnell Thomas, and Noah Mason—the four who signed the report—have records which do not bear publishing in an election year, especially in the election year of a war against fascism. So they have discovered that the leaders of the Union for Democratic Action, at some time in the past,

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belonged to one or another progressive organization. "Progressive" in the Dies lexicon means "subversive," and anyone who exposes congressional defeatists promotes "creeping totalitarianism."

It's fantastic, all right, but so is Goebbels. So is Hitler. There is more than an election tactic behind this latest Dies report. It is a direct, fairly obvious attempt to defend the Hitler-helpers in Congress, at the same time slandering everyone who fights for a second front and a quick victory. The UDA leaders whom Dies has accused are not Communists; but what if they were? To question the patriotism and loyalty of Communists is another snide way of helping the Axis. Some leaders of the UDA would do well to recognize this instead of defending themselves on the ground that they too are Red-baiters. This plays straight into Dies' hands, since Red-baiting is his indispensable weapon. Nor does it help the defendants in the least: Martin Dies is after all progressives, all fighters for democracy, whether they are Communists or not.

Just a few days after Dies' crazy report, the FBI hauled in eight Nazi spies engaged in a real and fearful conspiracy to blow up United States key defense points—a crime that certainly deserves the death penalty. Dies once claimed that he had a list of suspected Gestapo agents in the United States. He has never revealed them. He has never really investigated a Nazi or fascist in the country; indeed, he has protected them. His committee has been a national scandal for four years and its activities now amount to treachery. It must be abolished.

Congratulations and Long Life

Two birthdays are being celebrated in America next week. Ella Reeve Bloor will be eighty on July 8; Anita Whitney, seventy-five on July 7. That they should have been born so soon after Independence Day is a remarkably appropriate circumstance. For both these women have fought for America, its people, and their heritage practically all their lives. They did not merely see history, they helped make it, in the long period from the Civil War era to the present. The fight for women's suffrage, for civil liberties, labor's right to organize, real equality for the Negro people; the fight against poverty, child labor, exploitation, and insecurity—in all these struggles both women were leaders. They continue to lead—Anita Whitney as chairman of the Communist Party of California, and "Mother" Bloor as chairman of the party in Eastern Pennsylvania. The very record of their lives is a challenge to Hitler's inhuman concept of women. The thousands of men and women who are paying tribute to Ella Reeve Bloor and Anita Whitney, in anniversary meetings and celebrations, pay tribute to democracy.

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME

(The following statements were written for NEW MASSES *on the occasion of Independence Day. As Frenchmen now fighting to free their own country, the authors carry on the great tradition of the Lafayettes who helped us in our own war of liberation.)*

Genevieve Tabouis

(Editor of the French anti-fascist weekly "Pour La Victoire" and former foreign editor of "L'Oeuvre")

"AMERICA" has always been a word of magic for the forty millions of French people. To some "America" is the symbol of boundless material opportunity and wealth, a country in which one can live in freedom, in which each person can form a life according to his own wishes. To others "America" is the great republic that must constantly be imitated and emulated. To other French people "America" is the country with which France must link its destiny militarily, economically, politically, and socially in order to win the war and to insure for all people a future of peace.

Today in the hearts of French people, of all French people, with the exception of a few hundred, the word "hope" is synonymous with "America." In spite of the newly founded *Legions Tricolores* of Laval and Doriot, no Cassandra could presume to predict that a single Frenchman would ever fight an American soldier or fire upon the American flag. Today I feel certain that French mothers, tortured by the sight of their starved children, have hope revived within them at the thought of the word "America."

There are in France men and women who risk each second of their lives by voluntarily choosing to work as part of the "underground." I am sure that their courage receives strength and new vitality at the thought of America. Among the French people self-sacrifice could not be so readily made and resistance to collaboration could never be so strong without the deep-seated certainty of the coming of an American Commando.

As to the remains of the French army, those in it who have been unable or unwilling to join General de Gaulle confidently expect a move from America. I can vouch that prominent French politicians still in France—Herriot, Paul Boncour, Leon Blum, Georges Mandel, Jeannenay—believe that America represents the only future for the world intensified and magnified since the agreements with Russia have been signed.

To me, America will always remain the great country whose generous hospitality has given me the opportunity to continue my struggle against fascism and my country's enemies. America possesses the spirit of humanity and burns with the determination to see a free world evolve from this chaos. This has restored my hopes and my confidence and that is why my love for America grows with each day.

Pierre Cot

(Minister for Air in the first Popular Front government. He was also a defendant in absentia at the recent Riom trials)

As a French anti-fascist I hope that the defeat of fascism will make it possible to build a new world based on the principles of political liberty which came from the American Revolution, of social equality which came from the Soviet Revolution, and of fraternity which came from the French Revolution.

Vladimir Pozner

(French novelist. Author of "The Edge of the Sword")

WHAT America means to me today? Personally: the opportunity to live and work in freedom. As a Frenchman: the assurance that a second front in Western Europe will soon liberate my country. As a human being: the knowledge that with the United Nations headed by the two mightiest powers in the world, the USA and the USSR, the day is bound to come when everyone will work and live in freedom.

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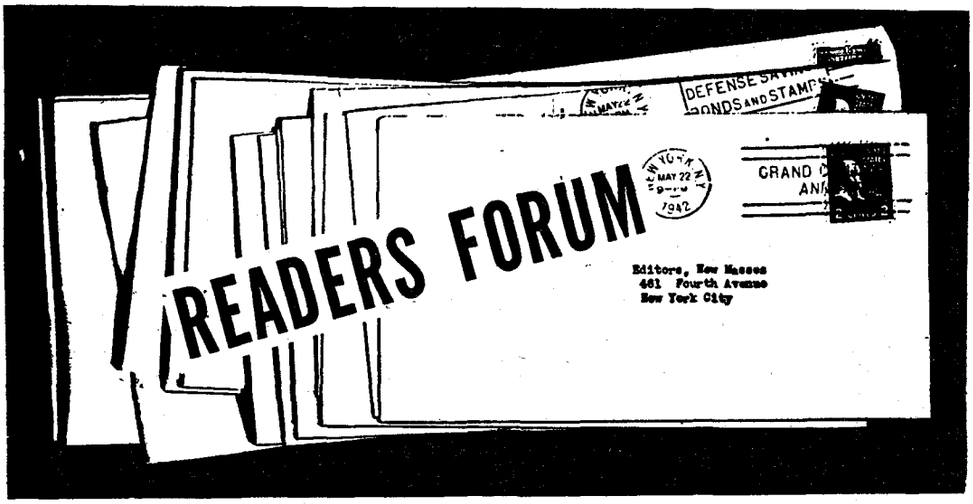

Two Composers on War Songs

To New Masses: Samuel Sillen's article on "Battle in Search of a Hymn" (May 19) expressed what many of us have been thinking, hoping, and working for. Sillen was absolutely correct in pointing out that Broadway with its "jerks and jeeps," its fraudulent "lyrics" and jerry-built tunes, can never catch the heroism and truth and deep meaning of this war. This war simply doesn't fit into the stale thirty-two-bar patterns of the Tin Pan Alley "commercial" tune, nor into the hep-cat rhythms of the jive and jitter boys.

Yet when the composer tries to get out of this mold and inject something more genuine into a war song, the Broadway publishers shy clear of it, because "it cannot be danced to." Three war songs of mine that are now being published were rejected by two different Broadway houses for that reason. A respectable "standard" music publisher insisted on the deletion of lines urging that Americans "smash the Nazi and Japanese foe," on the ground that "It is not good policy to mention names." The elite music publishers apparently do not wish to be mixed up in the question of whom we are fighting in this war. One editor actually stated that he hoped my piece would be a long-range seller, and "The character of the war might change by the next year!"

But the composer who has his heart in this war and wants to turn out songs—good, strong, honest fighting songs like the Russians have—has yet another problem. Unless he is lucky enough to be a lyric writer too, like Marc Blitzstein, he is stumped right at the outset. Where can he find words?

I have read through dozens of poems and lyrics since Pearl Harbor, looking for words that did for our time what "The Liberty Song" and the "Battle Hymn" did for previous Americans wars. If I have looked in the wrong place, I wish someone would tell me where to look. The poems I have seen are either too abstract, subjective, or too full of generalities and platitudes to make successful songs. A poem that may be good when read does not always make good singing material. I wish some of our poets would realize that, and turn a little bit closer to the needs of our singing people. I wish they could listen to the simplicity and naturalness of folk singers like Woody Guthrie and Josh White.

We don't need one good war song; we need ten, fifty, a hundred. We need songs for the tankmen and songs for the air corps; songs for the women's army and for maritime workers; songs about our heroes, the Kellys and Bulkeleys and O'Hares; and about the Joe Smiths who work overtime in Peoria; songs for air wardens and volunteer nurses. I personally would be glad to turn out a song a week and give it to the army, navy, or whoever wants it—if I only had the words.

There are plenty of talented composers and poets who I am sure would be happy to do likewise, as good Americans. The problem is, how to get them together?

Elie Siegmeister.

New York City.

To New Masses: I was very much interested in an article by Samuel Sillen in a recent issue, entitled "Battle in Search of a Hymn" (May 19).

His questions were provocative and good. His documentation from songs of Revolutionary times and the Civil War was quite well done, and his summons to the contemporary poets to get together with the composers is a point on which I can heartily agree.

There are, however, two objections I should like to raise: one, concerning Tin Pan Alley, and the other, folk songs. I agree with the disgusted feeling about Tin Pan Alley's "contributions" to the war effort so far. (My own experiences have been very sad—I have written no less than six songs, all of which in my prejudiced opinion are better and more to the point than the "Slap the Japs, etc."; and with fairly good connections in publishing houses I still have been unable to get the songs on the radio or "plugged" in the manner which makes a hit song.) I also agree that the Alley has produced very little in the nature of real people's songs, but I am forced to point out that the machinery thus set up with the radio, the plugging, the name bands, the singers, and the millions who listen (not to forget the movie-musicals and their huge audiences) is the best that has been devised for the mass production times in which we live.

The thing that started *Ballad for Americans* on its way was getting it excellently performed, by a great singer, *on a major network*. That setup is

what will put across the new song or songs of victory. It will make possible their acceptance much more quickly and will insure the *people* singing them if they are worth while. There is always, of course, the danger of killing even a good thing by over-plugging.

I think it is true that Tin Pan Alley alone will not produce the war song that is needed, because its writers have still not discovered that this is a people's war and that a fundamentally new approach is necessary. After many trial-and-error attempts they have begun to get closer to what is needed in the lyrics of "That Is Worth Fighting For," among others. But the proper approach will have to be started by progressive poets and songwriters, and backed (and plugged) by the unions and the labor movement first. With this organized strength, the Alley machinery can then be cracked.

The second point is my major criticism of Mr. Sillen's article. In looking for a people's song in a people's war, he should have looked not only among the completely commercial manifestations of Tin Pan Alley, but among the people themselves, the trade unions and progressive organizations. If he had, he would have seen signs of this rising new people's culture which has been a concomitant of all great people's movements in all history.

The oustanding examples of good war songs which hit the nail on the head and are extremely catchy and singable are those of the Almanac Singers. "Ballad of the Reuben James," "Belt Line Girl," "Deliver the Goods," "'Round and 'Round Hitler's Grave," to mention a few, are rousing and powerful songs which still haven't cracked through Tin Pan Alley, but are being sung all over the country by unions and other groups. I think it is inevitable that they will eventually be taken up and sung on the radio. In the meantime they are being written and sung.

A very significant thing about these songs (and something truly new as far as Tin Pan Alley is concerned) is the fact that they are almost entirely based on tried and true Americana, the old folk songs our common people have been singing ever since they arrived here. And they are sung, not with the syrupy sweetness of radio crooners, but with the deep honesty and simplicity of people who know what they are singing about.

The boys in the army are doing a little composing on their own, too, and their songs would be worth investigating.

Our great folk singers of the South and West are also composing songs like Leadbelly's "Tear Hitler Down," among many others.

Earl Robinson.

New York City.

Cow Sense

To New Masses: I saw this funny little item in my local newspaper the other day. I know your readers will enjoy it.

"Himmler, Terboven, and Quisling took a ride in Norway one day and at one place a cow blocked the road and they had to stop. Himmler tried to make the cow go with nice talk. Terboven ordered it off the road in the name of the fuehrer, but the cow refused to move.

"Finally Quisling whispered something in the cow's ear. The cow gave him a scared look and left in high gear.

"Terboven and Himmler demanded to know what he said to her, and finally he admitted he asked the cow if she would like to join Hitler's 'New Order.'"

Arthur Stone.

Tampa, Fla.

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THE UNVANQUISHED

Portrait of a man whose purpose was forged in the midst of defeat. Howard Fast's unforgettable novel of Washington leading his desperate army to victory.

EVEN the most earthbound of reviewers must go around watching the skies for some new planet that may swim into his ken. More often than not he is disappointed. He gets impatient, becomes the victim of a wish-fantasy. But you can always tell when he lacks faith in his own eyes, because the superlatives flow too glibly. When the real thing comes along, the authentic comet, one gets a sort of "Silent, upon a peak in Darien" feeling. The words come hard. They come hard when you finish reading Howard Fast's new novel about the American Revolution, *The Unvanquished* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.50). For this story of Washington and his army during the last four months of 1776 is so intensely a part of your imaginative experience that it can scarcely be viewed with detachment.

To call *The Unvanquished* a historical novel is to become conscious at once of the distance which separates it from most other works of its genre. I must confess that, while recognizing the value of historical fiction in theory, I have almost invariably been bored by it in actual reading. It is an oppressively open secret that in the past several years the market has been flooded with mediocre books that were satisfactory neither as history nor as fiction. The historical novel tends to be a duffel-bag stuffed hurriedly with faded costumes, synthetic romance, stereotyped intrigue, and the over-elaborate crockery that anyone can scrape together in a good public library. With bigotry thrown in to boot, as in *Gone With the Wind* and *Oliver Wiswell,* it becomes altogether unbearable, of course.

The exceptions are honorable, just as they are rare. But I can think of no American work of recent years, not even Leonard Ehrlich's *God's Angry Man,* that so clearly breaks with the conventional notion of what a historical novel ought to be like. *The Unvanquished* is as alive, as timely, as concentrated in its effect as a superb novel about the defense of Bataan or of Sevastopol might be. The author is immersed not in details but in men, and Washington, Greene, Knox, Haym Salomon, Nathan Hale emerge with all the vividness of created characters and all the truth of real ones. For the general historical accuracy of the novel, writes Carl Van Doren, there can be only admiration. And one must say the same for the artistic projection of people and events which seem, across a century and a half, so proudly close to us today.

Washington is at the center of the story. He dominates it, establishes its strength and coherency, just as he did the ragged band of patriots during the heartbreaking days of the retreat through Manhattan, Westchester, and the Jerseys. The Washington we meet here has nothing in common with either the gilded legend of schoolbooks or the cynical version of the debunkers. He is a man, proud, lonely, troubled by doubts and a bitter sense of personal failure, whose strength is tested in the fire of a people's revolution. The wealthy Virginia foxhunter, lacking either the culture of a Jefferson or the brilliance of a Hamilton, had to remake and rediscover himself in the conflict. And as we see him overcoming his prejudices against the Yankees, against the rabble troops, we appreciate the stature of this man who earned, by his fortitude, resolution, and native wisdom, the undying claim to be the father of his country. In the midst of defeat his purpose was forged, and he became the single-minded leader of a people's war.

HOWARD FAST has given us this thoroughly credible Washington without trickery or rhetoric or false heroics. If his Virginian is more complex and understandable than that of previous novelists, it is not because he has used ingenious psychological techniques or resorted to clever speculations. Primarily, Washington grows in action. His fate becomes inextricably woven with the fate of the Revolution in a way that had seemed impossible before his appointment as commander-in-chief. In the difficult days he had been attacked by homesickness and he would recall his life at Mount Vernon, the leisured life of a foxhunter and farmer going over his accounts, drinking good Madeira, gloating over his winnings at cards —"the way a man lived, not too easily, yet not hard, bored a great deal with his own content and wanting an adventure, a single, great glorious adventure." And when this adventure came it turned out to be a series of desperate retreats, holding on to the army that was dissolving. But as Tom Paine wrote on the battered drum that he used as a desk, "Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered. . . . Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated. . . ." In the crisis Washington thought more and more sternly of freedom and his country, and he was ready to give up Mount Vernon forever.

Howard Fast

The portrait of Washington is remarkable, but what is perhaps even more striking is the fact that so affirmative a mood is created in a story that deals with a series of military setbacks that were all but fatal. By concentrating on these four bitter months, the author has given us a stern sense of the resources of determination and self-sacrifice that the victory required. When Haym Salomon and a group of fellow patriots set fire to New York, because under the British occupation it was a poisoned thorn stuck in the American side, we see the scorched earth policy at work. The heroism of the Marblehead fishermen lies behind the valor of our men on the seas today. The tragic fall of Fort Washington, overpowered by superior forces, brings a pang of memory as we recall Corregidor. But the army of liberty fought on. And at the end of the novel, as Washington's decimated forces row back over the Delaware to surprise the Hessians on Christmas Day, we know that the commander's daring stroke will turn the tide, and we have a powerful feeling, even aside from the assurance of history, that these men will never lose.

These men—most of them so incredibly youthful: Knox, the bookseller, now chief of American artillery, a fat, bright-eyed young man of twenty-six; violet-eyed Alexander Hamilton, the sharp boy of nineteen; Nathan Hale, the Connecticut schoolteacher, martyr at twenty-one. These, together with Greene, Putnam, and others, looked upon Washington as a god, worshipping the skinny foxhunter, ready to follow at whatever risk, though torn by their desire for home and family. Clinging to the desperate cause, many of these men around Washington have been forgotten, and it is good to see them resurrected as human beings who gave all they had for American

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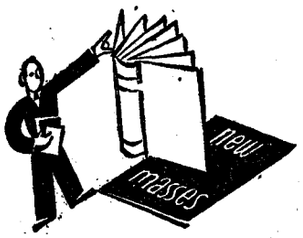

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freedom. And it is good, also, to see schemers like Charles Lee or Major Wilkinson depicted unforgettably as traitors, so that this lesson too will burn its way through to our own war.

THESE figures and events are treated not only with wonderful understanding but with great art. The story has a rich texture, a sure consistency. There are, fortunately, no false notes here, no prefabricated love interest, no melodrama. "There are no fictional characters in this story," writes Howard Fast in an afterword; "for each name, a man lived, playing his part much as detailed here. But I wanted them to come alive, feeling that at such a time as this there is need for those half-forgotten men to live again and do their deeds once more, and join in the battle of all men of good will against the forces of evil And therefore I put thoughts into their minds and let them speak words of which there is no record." The thoughts are just and the words are just. For the spirit of reverence is not forced or stilted. The spirit of reverence is reflected in the precision with which episodes have been selected; the economy of style; the sustained animation of the narrative. The past merges with the present in this distinguished novel by a young American writer.

SAMUEL SILLEN.

BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE FOREIGNERS, *by Preston Schoyer. Dodd, Mead. $2.75.*

PRESTON SCHOYER'S novel studies the life of a foreign community, Shawei, within a Chinese provincial capital from about 1935 to 1938. Shawei comprised the usual assortment of special interests, divided among a variety of creeds and nationalities. Mr. Schoyer is particularly interested in the men and women who work in the religious institutions largely maintained by foreign endowments. Thus, the central figure of the novel is a young man who has come out to teach English in the Shawei Boys' School; two important characters are doctors in the hospital of the mission foundation; and the history of the most influential mission of Shawei is revealed through Dr. Sowerby, the last representative of this mission dynasty.

Mr. Schoyer wants, first of all, to show just what living in China means to these members of the foreign community. In the first half of the novel the community appears as an island in the disturbed cross-currents of Chinese life. The irony of this alienation is illuminated by Mr. Schoyer in many ways. For there is not only the isolation which comes from a privileged and special position. There are forces of disintegration at work within the community—doubt, frustration, the blindness of self-righteous convictions—furthered by the disruptive policies of the missionary Sowerby, a "spiritual" leader guided by the threadbare white myth that the Chinese are depraved and childish heathen.

Sowerby exerts an influence which is hostile to the developing political needs of the Chinese. The mission foundation, an oil company, has a "stake" in China; in Sowerby the fanaticism of the first generation missionaries has thinned out into an obsession for the glorification of their works. Just as the commercial representatives smugly regard the gunboat in the river as the ultimate protector of their privileges, so Sowerby looks forward to a "stable" regime in China for the perpetuation of his mission dynasty. He believes the Japanese invasion promises this long-desired stability.

In the leisurely pace of this half of the novel, Mr. Schoyer has realistically presented a group of uneasy, unhappy human beings, restlessly drawing upon each other's resources, baffled by their isolation. Most of them have given up the effort to "understand" China; they do their work tirelessly, from conscience or pride, but the ideas of duty, of a destiny to be fulfilled, of an earlier day, have no meaning for them. Almost all of them have a feeling of futility, and a fear of examining the future.

The teacher Peter Achilles is set apart from his fellow Westerners by his capacity for absorbing new experience and his desire to learn something from China. The slow process of his learning is the positive, compelling purpose in the novel.

Yet Peter Achilles' first contact with China terminates in a sense of personal defeat, and he returns to America. His despair has been sharpened by the rejection of the girl he has loved. The brief American interlude somewhat restores his perspective; he begins to see the political forces that are shaping events in China in relation to world-wide developments. About a half year after the Japanese invasion of the mainland, he is again in Shawei.

The second half of the novel describes the physical disintegration of the foreign community and Peter's experiences there in the war. Driving an ambulance, helping refugees, and assisting at the hospital, Peter Achilles sees Chinese life at close range. Through the grim facts of war he sees a China in which the artificial barriers of the foreign community have crumbled to pieces, along with the bricks and mortar of the mission walls shattered by Japanese bombs. Only reactionaries like Sowerby are unaware that the anomaly has ceased to exist.

The conditions of wartime also bring Peter the love of a Chinese girl, Li Meilan. This kind of experience before had seemed

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to him reserved for the rare individuals like Mr. Donovan who had long ago surrendered their Western identity. The death of Li Mei-lan in an air raid serves to bring to a crisis the long standing conflict within Peter. The old feelings of "futility and deadness" return, intensified by the accumulated weight of his weariness with his unorganized activity, and, as once before, he thinks the time has come for a retreat to America. "He wanted to teach again, to teach in peace. But he could feel it creeping to America, and then as here he would have to put his books away."

So Peter Achilles stays on in China. At the end of the novel, when he is once more reconciled to carrying on in his small way for the cause of China, we feel that he has at last overcome his passivity. Through his senses he has absorbed the China which eluded his understanding.

As a first novel, *The Foreigners* is a distinct achievement. Though Mr. Schoyer's realistic examination of the life of the Shawei community has an obvious psychological interest, he has not been satisfied with a mere amplification of the Grand Hotel formula to his restricted social group. In the novels of Pearl Buck and Lin Yutang we have seen that the physical impact of the war in China on individual lives has been a theme of multiple attraction. Preston Schoyer has responded to this attraction, and the significance of this theme has not escaped him. Though his writing is uneven in its powers of representation, and though he must learn to organize his materials less with an eye for amplitude of detail and more for sharpness of effect, he has written a mature and noteworthy novel.

ALAN BENOIT.

A Copperhead Book

LINCOLN AND THE RADICALS, *by T. Harry Williams. University of Wisconsin Press. $3.*

IN THE delicate language of Mr. Williams, the Radicals during the Civil War, i.e., those who wanted an all-out war for the destruction of the slave system, were fanatical, impractical, envious, raffish, frenzied, gloating, mendacious inquisitors, conspirators, Judases. A writer essaying the tremendous task of delineating the most critical years in the life of Abraham Lincoln who never uses the basic studies of his subject—the works of Herndon, Weik, Barton, Charnwood, Hertz, and Sandburg. No wonder he emerges with a "wily," "scared," "harried," "chess-piece." The immortal Lincoln a "chess-piece"!

Are there, then, no heroes? Yes, at least two—George B. McClellan who, "if the politicians had let him alone might have won the Civil War," and Robert E. Lee, the "great" and "redoubtable" one. Does Mr. Williams have other spasms of tenderness? Yes. When the filthy New York *Herald* in December 1861 drips treason in such sentences as: "If the factious abolition leaders do not speedily draw in their horns, they may find in General McClellan such a tartar as the Lord Parliament found in Cromwell, and the Council of Five Hundred in Napoleon Bonaparte," this is lightly dismissed as "an injudicious threat." And a letter written by a Wall Street gold speculator and McClellan's political manager, Samuel L. Barlow, in January 1862, proposing capitulation to the demands of the Confederacy, is also characterized as merely "injudicious."

The choice and use of sources are indicative of the author's values. To sum up an evaluation of Benjamin Wade, one of the most interesting and neglected figures in American life, he quotes seventy words of a pen portrait appearing in the New York *Herald* mentioned above, while his character sketch of Zachariah Chandler includes a slanderous piece from a leading western Copperhead organ. The same non-partisan source is quoted to round out the picture of Gen. David Hunter, an Abolitionist, to the effect that he was a "hanger-on at Washington, doing dirty jobs for the War Department"—the same man to whom Lincoln occasionally turned for particularly important work since, as he wrote, Hunter was "a man of large experience."

Occasionally Mr. Williams throws in a slander of his own without the show of detachment which a footnote offers, as when he broadly hints that Stevens was a drunkard. This is particularly unhappy since during most of his adult life Thaddeus Stevens was a total abstainer, and believed, as he put it, that there was "no hope for one who even tastes strong drink." Other snide remarks about the gullibility or cowardice of Negroes are more serious and have as little relationship to the truth. The above are offered as but a few examples of Mr. Williams' misuse or misinterpretation of sources, which is, indeed, characteristic of the entire work.

As with sources, so with motives. Mr. Williams experiences no difficulty and exercises no hesitation in tackling the historian's most complex task—the unearthing of individual motivation. With no documentation, but rather and repeatedly by mere assertion, the author makes sordid and reprehensible, crass and vulgar, the motives of every Radical, or the temporary, converted type like Hooker and Grant.

At no point does the author make clear the meaning of the Civil War, and the mortal character of the battle. At no point does he show how serious was the treason in the North, and how closely affiliated therewith was the Democratic Party. Since this is so, the deadly earnestness of the Radicals seems fantastic or stupid or affected, and their policies appear iniquitous and cruel.

Finally, Mr. Williams persists in dealing with the demands of the Radical Republicans, on the same level as the demands of the Copperheads, and slaveholders. That, I suppose, is academic objectivity—refusing to take sides. Of course it is nothing of the kind, for by dealing with the Radicals on the same level as with the reactionary elements of society one demeans the former to the position of the latter.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

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A False Novel

THE FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE, *by Alfred Neumann. Macmillan. $2.50.*

ALFRED NEUMANN is a practiced novelist specializing in the field of historical novels. In two previous books, *Another Cæsar* and *Gaudy Empire,* he has dealt with the reign of the despotic Napoleon Third in France. Now he carries the story one step further and in his present volume treats the period of the downfall of the French Second Empire and the Paris Commune.

To Neumann, however, the Commune is not a heroic page in France's history when the common people of Paris "stormed the heavens" against the Prussian invaders of Bismarck and the French Versaillais of Thiers. On the contrary, he depicts it as a period of chaos and confusion, blood and cruelty, opportunism, fanaticism, lust for power, and senseless repression. The great figures of the Commune—like Blanqui, Rochefort, Louise Michel, Delescluze, Rigault, Flourens—are either lifeless puppets or caricatures. In fact the entire history of the Commune seems to serve only as a sanguinary backdrop for Mr. Neumann's shadowy love-story of a sixteen-year-old revolutionary, Pierre Cagnoncle, and a woman much older than himself and of a higher social station, Leonie Leon. The social import and the genuinely national and patriotic aspects of the Commune seem lost on the author, who prefers to spend long chapters describing the gifted but dissolute poet, Paul Verlaine, sipping absinthe in a Paris cafe and composing his lyrical songs in the midst of the squalor, drunkenness, and horrors of civil war.

Why this definitely unfavorable interpretation of the Commune? The answer may be found in the author's choice of Clemenceau as the only praiseworthy political figure in the book. And the following lines reveal his anti-historical bias: "For had the masses ever had any connection with their true leaders, with the martyrs, the anchorites, the preachers in the wilderness, and the fanatical forerunners? Had he, Clemenceau, not realized the tragic difference between the friends of the people and the people's favorites, devotion to the people and popularity. . . . Must each true friend of the people be condemned by the people to despise humanity and die a misanthrope?"

Neumann's book with its hollowly ironic title contrasts with a novel treating the same period, *Les Massacres de Paris,* by Jean Cassou. Unfortunately American publishers have never seen fit to have this warm and glowing account of the Commune translated and release it. Cassou himself, it seems, was only recently arrested in unoccupied France by the Vichy authorities because of his devotion to the French people.

The Commune is in the great and heroic tradition of France. Now more than ever we Americans must realize that France has been the classic land of national revolutionary upsurge and must help the French people to rise up against the hated Nazi invaders and their traitorous French Quislings.

Neumann's *Friends of the People* is unsatisfactory not only because it is a disjointed novel which seems to lose itself in a maze of details and never gets anywhere, but—and this is the essential point—because it distorts the meaning and significance of the Paris Commune. As a historical novel it does a disservice to the history of France. The lessons of 1870-71 are being learned by French patriots today, but they are neither misanthropes, cynics, fanatics, nor dupes. They are true friends of the people; and their efforts will be crowned with victory.

DAVID BENEDICT.

Life in Naziland

PEOPLE UNDER HITLER, *by Wallace Deuel. Harcourt, Brace, and Co. $3.50.*

BERLIN correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News* for the years 1934-41, Wallace Deuel has been in a most favorable position to develop a complete, well-rounded picture of existence under the Nazis. In a calm dispassionate manner he has described the social relationships and patterns of existence under the "new order" and has thus given us a grim perspective of what our life would be like if we should lose the war.

Deuel has concentrated on the "human" aspects of Nazi "civilization," studying the effects of Hitler's rule on such normal processes of life as love, marriage, education, labor, wages, and racial relationships. He has tried, moreover, to find an explanation for the Nazis' rise to power and their ability to maintain the regime.

But the greatest asset of *People Under Hitler* lies in its sober and detailed picturization of the "normal" routine of life in Germany. Such a chapter as "No Private Lives" records the ways in which the feverish strivings of the Nazis for economic self-sufficiency led, step by step, from the regulation of the family diet and restaurant menus to the coordination of tombstone architecture. The wanton denial of the freedom to love and marry except by Nazi permission, the supervision over the naming of children, and the control over the time a husband could spend with his family—these became the established mores of Nazi society.

The Nazi relegation of women to an inferior position is well known, but the following quotation from Heinrich Himmler on the subject presents the complete philosophy responsible for this attitude: "Beyond the borders of possibly necessary bourgeois laws, customs and views, it will now be the great task of German women and girls of good blood to become, even outside the marriage bond, and not in frivolity but in deep moral earnestness, the mothers of the children of soldiers going off to war." Deuel has very intelligently noted down scores of such significant remarks from authoritative Nazi leaders.

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A keen observer of life under the Nazis, Mr. Deuel is less satisfactory when he attempts to account for the rise of fascism in Germany. He tends to draw conclusions from a surface examination of psychological phenomena—mass "frustration," "inner instability," etc.—without taking into account the causative factors of economic and class relationships. That he does not understand the Soviet Union and its historic contribution to the struggle against Hitlerism (the book was completed before the attack on the Soviet Union), is another example of a lack of historical perspective. Undoubtedly, Mr. Deuel's later experiences as a correspondent in the USSR have helped clarify his thinking on this subject.

But *People Under Hitler* is an important contribution to our understanding of what life would be like under Nazi domination. Deuel underlines the fact that we are fighting against a brutal nightmarish existence, and that we fight not only for ourselves but for the oppressed within Germany.

S. N. STONE.

Brief Reviews

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING CONTRACTS. *Bureau of National Affairs. $7.50.*

Union officers and business agents will appreciate the value of this volume more than the layman will. It is the sort of technical handbook which anyone negotiating with employers will need more than almost any other book on the market.

Its first section consists of some eighty-four pages containing essays by two labor research directors and six other persons experienced in the field of collective bargaining. The real meat of the book, which runs for over 500 pages, is called "Contract Clause Finder." Here are listed nearly 2,000 typical clauses from actual union agreements, arranged under fifty-four different headings. They cover every topic from "rest periods" and "production speed" to "sabotage" and "sleeping on duty." Some forty typical clauses are given relating to the "closed shop" and "union shop," the union and the employing corporation being named in each case. A topical index is included which makes these clauses very easy to find.

Another part of the book gives the full texts of thirteen important collective bargaining agreements, some made with AFL, some with CIO, and some with so-called "independent" unions. They include the Ford agreement and the TVA contract covering construction employees, as well as agreements in steel, coal, shipbuilding, chemicals, printing, trucking, and other industries.

The Bureau of National Affairs, which issued the book, is a commercial organization that has served both employers and union officials well with its two weekly digests, *Labor Relations Reporter* and *Wage and Hour Reporter*, weekly summaries of developments relating to legislation and court decisions in these fields.

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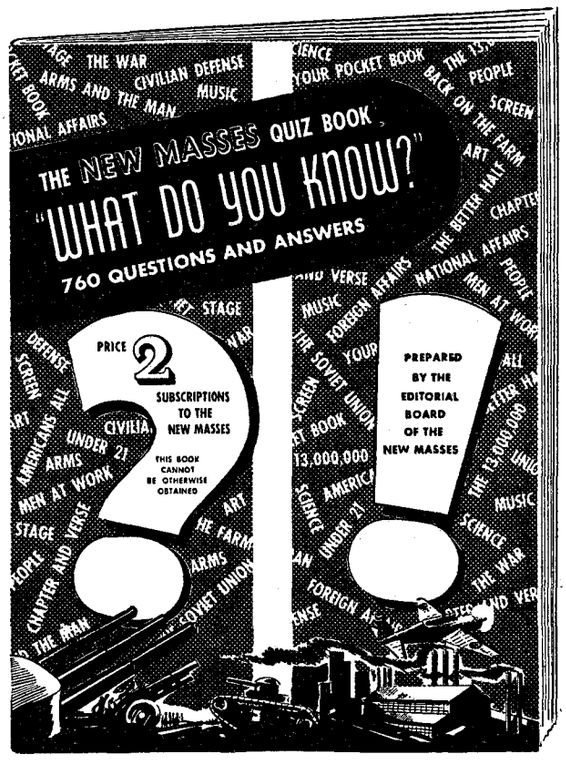
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KINGS & DESPERATE MEN: LIFE IN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLAND, *by Louis Kronenberger. Knopf. $3.*

This is a most interesting book, written with more than a trace of the eighteenth century's own literary style. It is restful reading that goes well with a long winter evening by the fire, and is good for many quiet chuckles and mellow head-noddings. But it is not a book that one would bitterly attack, or warmly and widely recommend. Kronenberger avoids the cruder defects into which his book might have fallen. He does not indulge in the sex scandal which eighteenth century biography so richly provides, nor does he overlook difficult complexities in order to discover neat little complexes. But surely it is not too much to ask of so obviously honest and conscientious a writer on social history—even of one who, as Kronenberger does in his preface, disclaims "analysis of economic forces" and "ignores movements like the Agrarian and Industrial Revolutions"—that his chapters on "The Poor" and "The World Below" be above that kind of cultured disdain for the vagaries of the unwashed rabble such as in more raucous language must have emanated from Dr. Johnson himself. You can treat lightly of Sheraton sideboards and the fashions at Bath, but you have an obligation to pause before you easily dismiss problems of economic privation. For without the labor exacted from Hogarth's mass characters, there would have been no wealthy purses to finance Garrick's plays, Lady Mary's salons, or Bolingbroke's intrigues. These are things this book describes superlatively well—but social history must include the Deserted Village.

THE NEW SOLDIER'S HANDBOOK. *Penguin Books, Inc., and the Infantry Journal, Inc. 25c.*

Men who expect to be called up for Army service will find this a most valuable guide. It includes the official US Army Manual, required reading for all soldiers, and contains a wide range of essential facts about the organization and techniques of the American Army. The *Handbook* will answer most questions which prospective soldiers are asking and considerably lessen their initial problems of orientation.

CANADA MOVES NORTH, *by Richard Finnie. Macmillan. $3.50.*

This book is something of a one-volume encyclopedia of Arctic and sub-Arctic Canada. Mr. Finnie discusses the vast potentialities of the 1,300,000 square miles of this rich and practically unpopulated region. He writes with conviction and knowledge. He suggests that the social and economic development of the Canadian North is a gigantic enterprise that must some day be undertaken. One is inevitably reminded of the stupendous work accomplished by the Soviet Union in its similarly wealthy but previously neglected Arctic and sub-Arctic lands.

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HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION, 1917-1919, *by William C. Mullendore. Stanford University Press. $4.50.*

This is the eighteenth volume in the series of elaborately documented publications issued by the Hoover Library on War, Revolution, and Peace. Written by a staff member of President Wilson's Food Administration, this volume tells the inside official story of how our government tried to regulate, control, and administer the nation's "food front" during the first world war. Completely devoid of anything faintly resembling human interest, the work is nevertheless interesting as source material for the study of problems that are urgent and complex today.

THE NEW DAY, *by Jules Romains. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.*

In this volume Romains sends his "men of good will" on a trip to the USSR of 1922. Pierre Jallez, "introspective, poetic, subtle," (who has tired readers of this novel for ten volumes by his discussions with Jean Jerphanion, another Romains poet), wangles an assignment from the League of Nations and a Chicago newspaper to visit the Soviet Union. This youth chooses as his companion Stephen Bartlett, an English journalist, who will remind you constantly of Louis Fischer, if not Eugene Lyons. Before leaving they meet an emigre, Poliapof, who plans to return to the Ukraine and engage in counter-revolutionary activity. The men of good will immediately offer their assistance.

In Odessa, Bartlett and Jallez are shocked that the trees have been cut down for fuel; that passports are examined carefully; and that the authorities insist on checking their articles out of the country. To relieve the monotony, Romains smuggles in seduction scenes that prove even more boring. *The New Day* is almost as dull as it is false.

UNCLE DUDLEY, *by Wright Morris. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $2.50.*

Eight men and a boy start eastward from Los Angeles in a decrepit Marmon with Uncle Dudley as arbiter and philosopher-in-chief. They cross the country quarreling, laughing, pooling what little money they have, and several of them wind up in a southern jail. Mr. Morris' writing is hard-boiled, and at times sharp and penetrating. Several incidents are effective highlights, and the characterization is lusty. On the whole, however, the novel doesn't come off. Too much time and space are devoted to the jail scenes, and frequently the writing is so terse that it is hard to follow. Uncle Dudley's philosophy, of which there is a great deal, is quite adolescent and soon grows tiresome. That Mr. Morris can write well is evident, but he fails to do so with any considerable degree of consistency.

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In Poland a couple of well-fed Nazi officers resent having milk denied them in favor of a sick child, and send a Polish family to the firing squad. One, left for dead, drags himself to the Soviet frontier guards, recovers, and later has the joy of getting the well remembered Nazi murderer in front of his machine gun. In a field near Moscow a Nazi bomber is shot down; the pilot, enormous and imposing as a "superman" in his flying outfit, is stripped to his shirt and revealed as a hungry and cringing rat. In a shell hole a Soviet nurse is almost murdered by the treacherous Nazi whose wounds she is tending; a wounded comrade saves her. In a small Leningrad room an old woman and her twelve-year-old grandson outwit and capture an armed Nazi saboteur. In Yugoslavia a pair of young lovers are forced, in self-defense, to kill two brutally amorous Nazi soldiers. A hundred hostages are to be shot in revenge. Marched out of town and set to digging their own graves, the hostages suddenly use their shovels to attack and kill their executioners, then join the guerrilla fighters in the hills.

This is the material of *This Is the Enemy;* the stuff of your daily newspaper, the stuff of life. Its diverse situations have been handled by six different Soviet directors, each with a style of his own; they occur all over Europe, they involve many different types of people—peasants, soldiers, intellectuals, young girls, little boys, grandmothers. Yet they form a harmonious whole as completely as the people they describe have united in their resistance. The characterization of individuals, all through, is marked by the Soviet actor's power of creating an entire personality in ten seconds flat—a power explainable only by the fact that the Soviet actor is himself an integral part of the people. The Yugoslav lovers do not have to effloresce in passionate dialogue or stare dreamily into the camera to tell us that they are in love; walking down a street together, they establish their devotion, their terror, their young courage. The affectionate old grandmother only has to glance up from her sewing with eyes grown suddenly sharp to show us why the Russian people are unconquerable.

The Soviet actors' portrayals of Nazis are not smooth, superficial villains; the Nazis are gross and greedy animals or frightened animals—still more, they are men conditioned to hate everyone, trust no one, snatch at whatever they see, solve every problem by the sole means of murder. They are the end product of Nazi education. They are created as living characters in a few shots, because the Soviet writers and actors know not only the Nazi's present but also his past and his future.

This Is the Enemy is a great film in so many profound ways that it seems hardly relevant to discuss the purely technical values of its photography, its cutting, even its music. These achieve what is the highest excellence of style in any art; you don't notice them, you are conscious only of watching reality. Completely subordinated to the film's content as it is, the photography is nevertheless good from its own standpoint of composition and clarity; shots of actual fighting, cut in where necessary, are particularly effective. At one point the music emerges into the foreground and makes a satiric comment of its own; this is in the introductory cartoon, depicting the Nazi conquest of Europe, where the advancing monster is accompanied by Prokofieff's Teutonic Knights battle music from *Alexander Nevsky.* Dunayevsky and Kriukov did the rest of the score.

"JUKE GIRL" seems to have been made as a proof that you can spoil anything. Though handicapped at the outset by its appalling title, the film gets under way as a presentation of the small farmer's fight against a great packing company. Joining with a migratory worker, a courageous Greek farmer of Florida determines to sell his produce in the open market instead of to the company. The misery of the workers' lives is savagely revealed in clever camera work; the stranglehold of the packers is exposed; the solution,

From "This Is the Enemy": This Pole's family is murdered by the Nazis for demanding milk for a sick child.

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in organization of the farmers and migratory workers, is more than hinted. At this point *Juke Girl* pulls itself up short and takes a standing broad jump into a morass of plotting. There is much silly love stuff, a murder, etc. There is a happy ending too, of course.

So *Juke Girl,* which started off as if to be another *Grapes of Wrath,* leaves a bad taste of Ann Sheridan in the mouth. The singularly desultory style of its acting, in which even the capable Ronald Reagan degenerates into just another limp juvenile, weakens its early power and matches all too well the anemia of its conclusion. There ought to be a special film museum for hopeful beginnings —and a special incinerator for their endings.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

★

THIS is the summer time, when the barns go in for serious drama, and Broadway goes in for the barnyard. Traditionally, what opens along the main stem in this season may be a musical, a vaudeville show, or a pineapple-juice stand; but it cannot be a play. Ed Wynn's *Laugh, Town, Laugh,* certainly is not. It does not pretend to be. It is, however, lively and funny vaudeville; and it contains Red Army songs and Carmen Amaya.

Vaudeville, it seems, is back. We used to think vaudeville pretty awful when we were a little child; but we have been through a lot since, as a movie reviewer and so on, and *Laugh, Town, Laugh* struck us as brilliant. All the old standbys are reunited; Smith and Dale reappear with the *Dr. Kronkheit* sketch that amused generations of Americans—and me. Acrobats do incredible things, keeping you continually wondering if they'll fall, which is the whole point of acrobats. Two badminton champions play a game which had even this unathletic reviewer shrieking with excitement. Ensemble dancers are mercifully absent, and Ed Wynn, bless him, is conspicuously present. His exhibition of sharpshooting is pathetic and endearing, and in the intermission he comes out and fraternizes with the audience.

The high spot of *Laugh, Town, Laugh* is, of course, the dancing of Carmen Amaya and her family. With practically no concessions to Broadway convention, Amaya gives us the passionate and unself-conscious gitano dances as Andalusia developed them. Her intensity is all the more effective for its contrast with the show's co-star, Jane Froman, a singer who immediately followed the ventriloquist's dummies and thus led to a certain natural confusion. With all the personality of a dish of lemon jelly, this young lady makes a soggy hole in the show. But there is plenty without her. A group known as the Volga Singers makes a sensation with Russian songs, including one which is presented as the newest Army song, written since the Battle of Kharkov. Nor will we ever forget Ed Wynn shouting, in excellent Russian, "Long live Stalin!"

J. D.

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